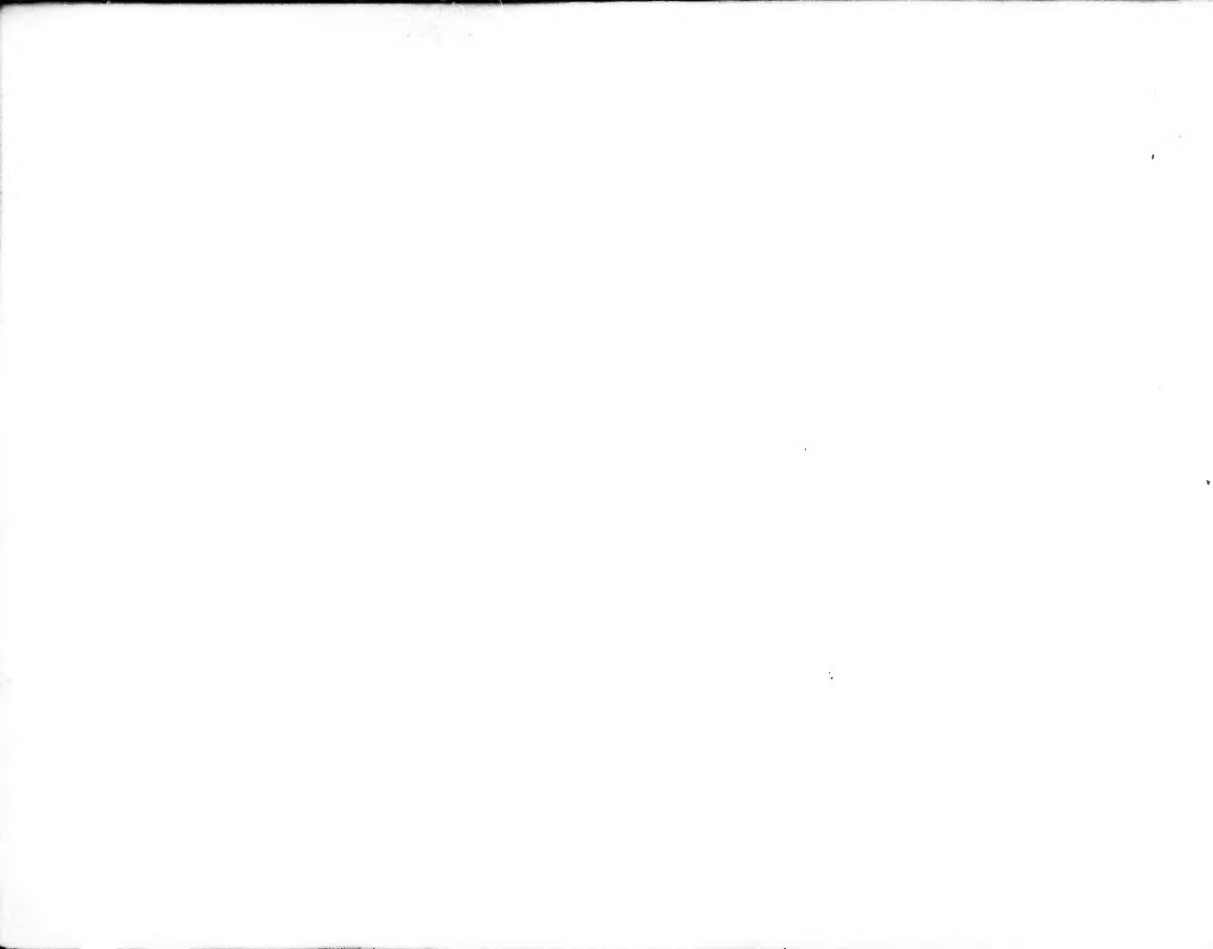




Entered according to the Act of Parliament of Canada, in the year one thousand
eight hundred and eighty-eight, by E. O. BICKFORD, at the Department of
Agriculture.

54499

A WINTER TRIP.



IN SEARCH OF SUMMER.

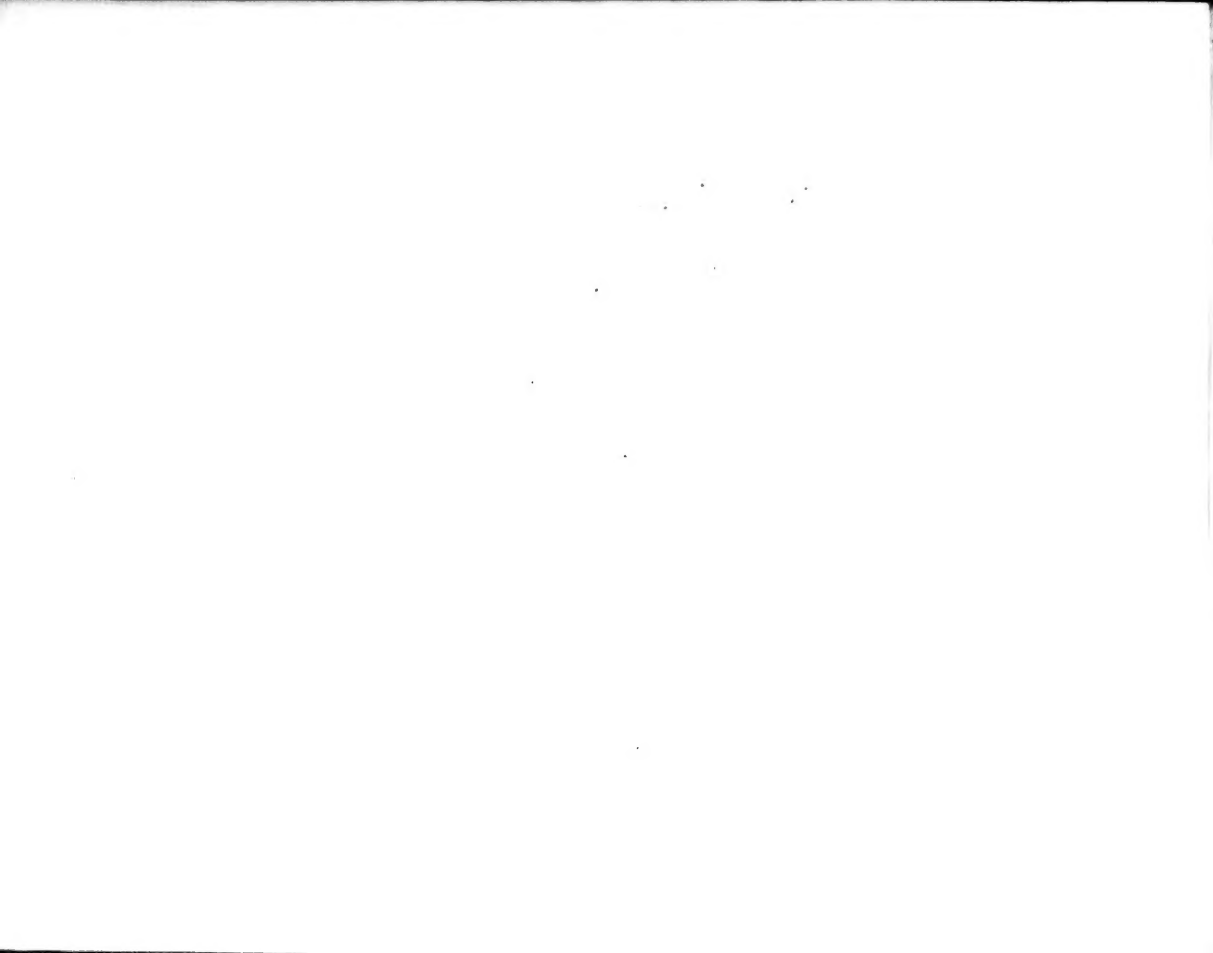


Garden of Palms, Casino, Monte Carlo,



Nice.



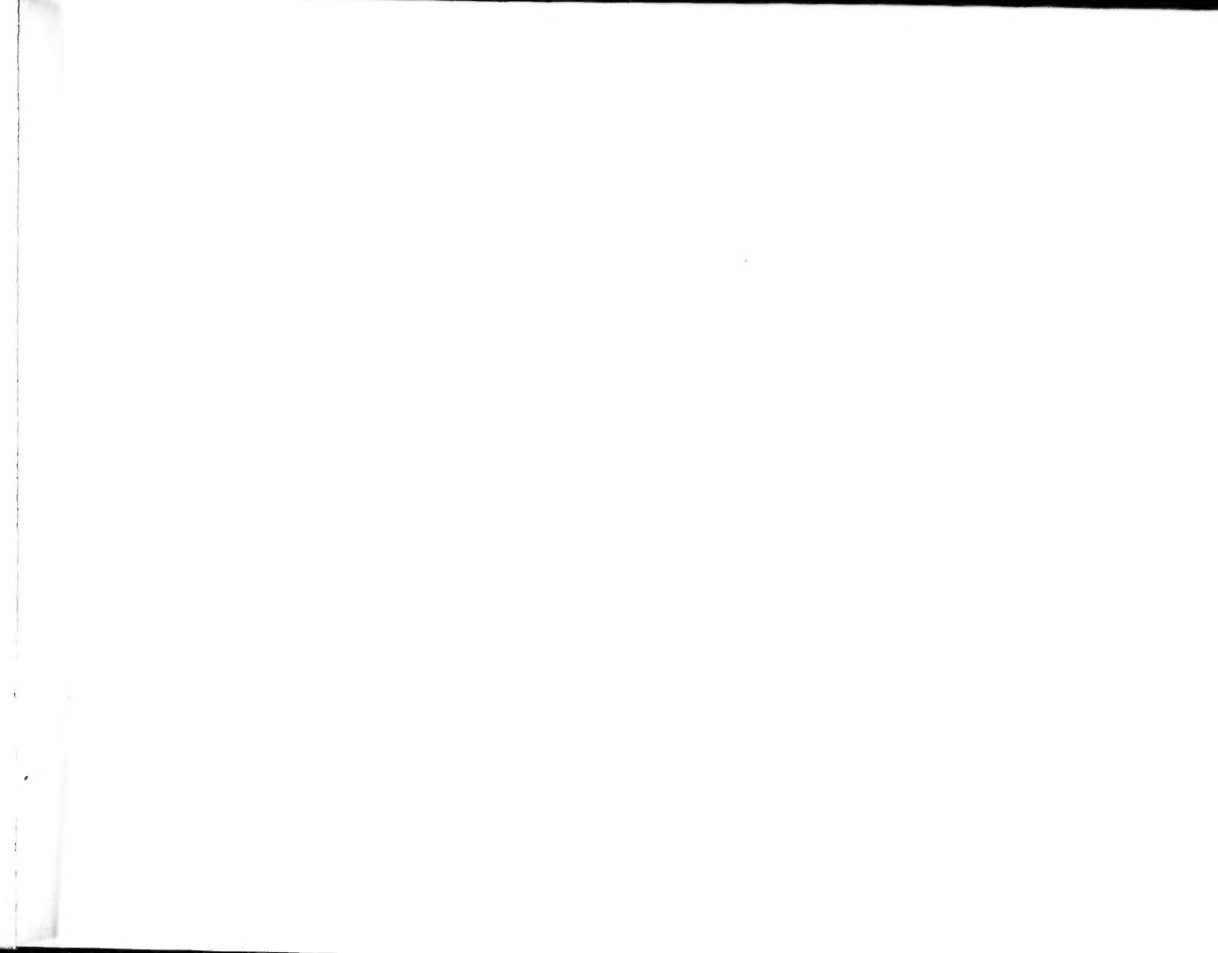


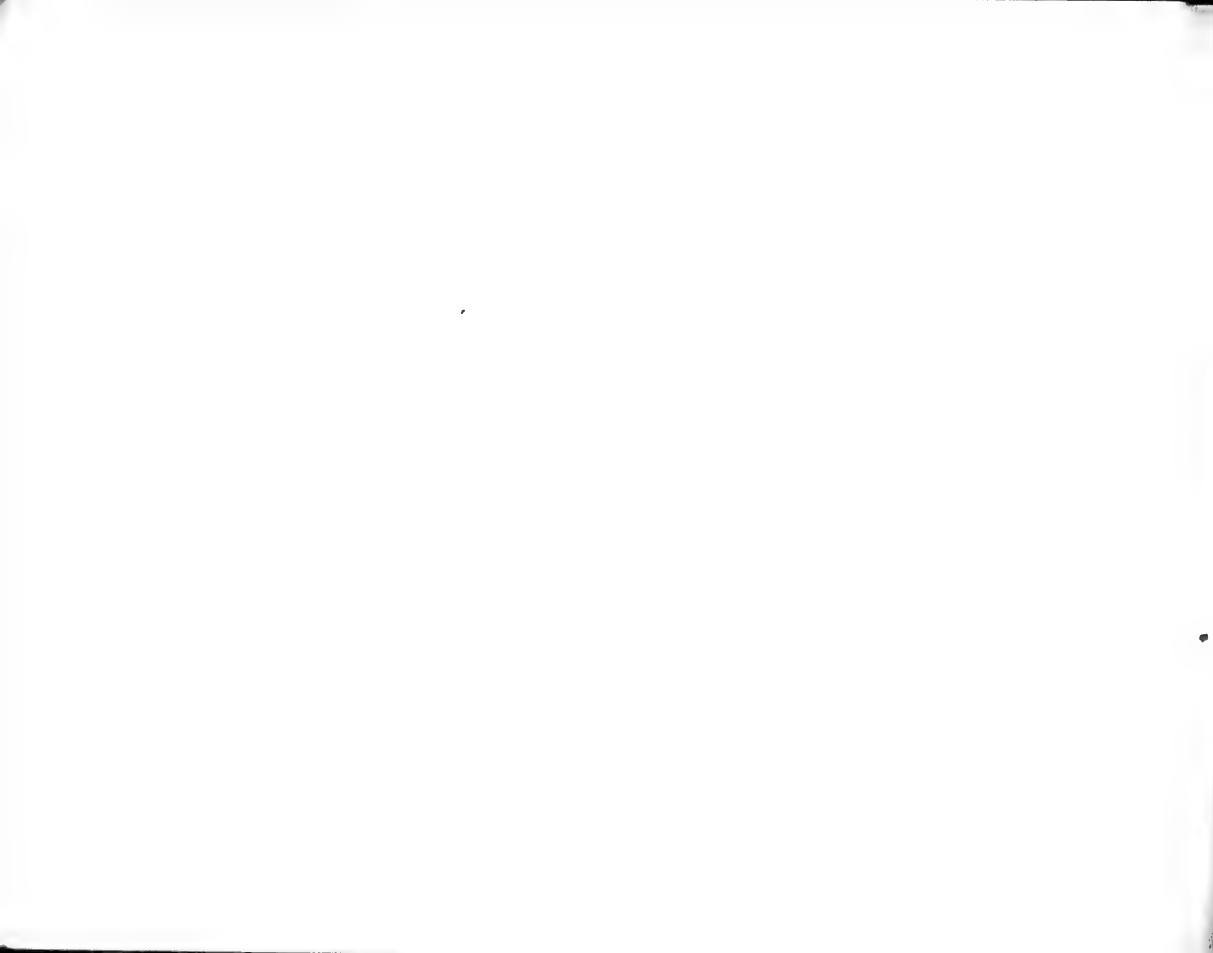


Villa d'Este, Lake Como.



Bellagio.

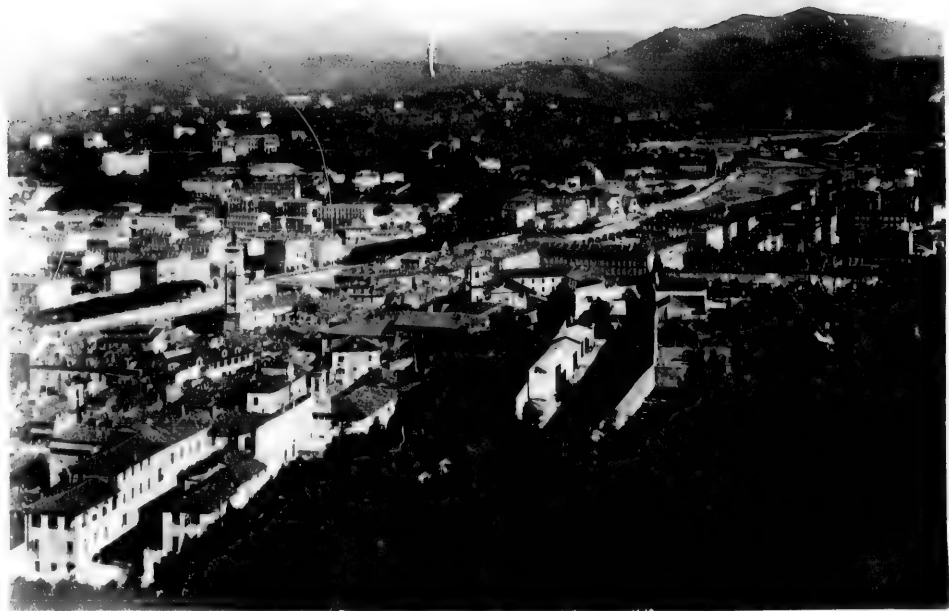




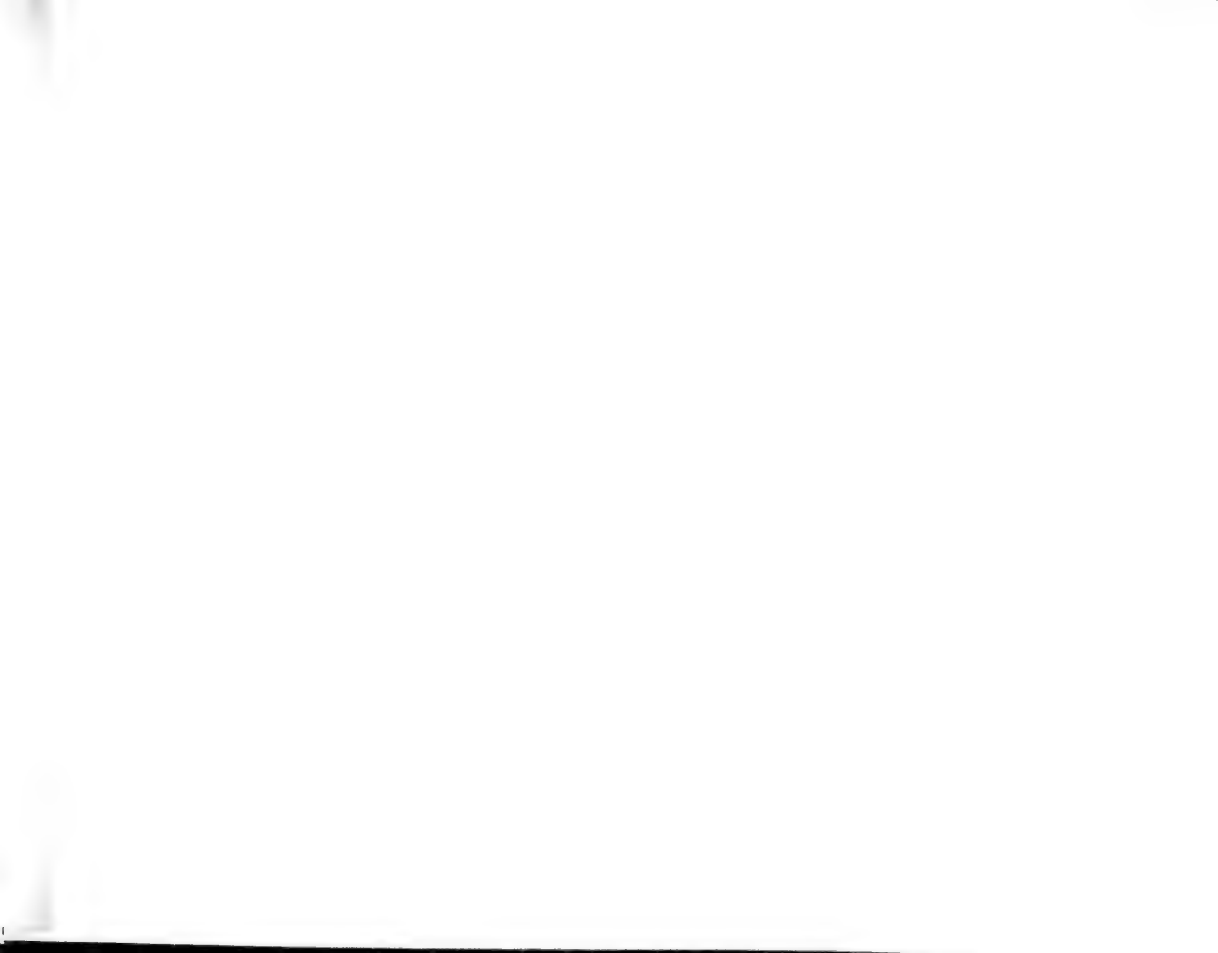


Gardens of the Casino, Monte Carlo.

(SUMMER IN WINTER)



Nîmes.



PREFACE.



DEAR

To you, who, though a friend, yet persuaded me to "*write a book*," I wish to address a word or two of preface, or explanation, for our mutual friends who may chance to read it.

I know the old proverb, "*qui s'excuse s'accuse*," and I do accuse myself of temerity in rushing into the field of literature, inconsiderately, where angels may well fear to tread.

Yet Hal, thou, *thou* persuaded me, and I did it, and *thou* shouldst bear a portion of the responsibility, and stand sponsor for the little wanderer put forth into a cold world, all unpremeditatedly, and without the time-honored excuse, even "that it is only a very little one." But the photographer is mainly responsible for that, and perhaps he ought to be joined with you as God-mother—no, no, *God father*, in baptism, though a book being of neuter gender, I do not know that it can have two God-fathers. Whether this be so or not, you are quite well aware that you were chiefly the cause of these transient and hastily-written letters—by camp-fire on the desert, or in some dark monastery by the dim religious light of a single tallow dip—being collected into book form and thrown recklessly, thus, at the heads of my few friends, the only redeeming feature being that it is not intended to inflict them on the general public by issuing an edition for sale, but only to visit on the heads of my friends "stern vengeance" in return for their mocking advice "to publish."

For your eyes alone, my friend, were these letters intended, and perhaps the indulgent eyes of some of our mutual friends; and even if you had done, as you once thought of doing, and had them inserted in some daily newspaper, no great evil would have resulted, for they are certainly more "newsy" than "booksy" in their form; and coming "pipin' hot" from places which are, and always must be, of great interest in all Christian countries, they might have been found "hot cakes" "to the general." But wrapped up in the more sober and serious form of a *book*, they are more likely to be found "cold huckleberry pudding" to the select few who are nothing, if not critical, and cynical if they can manage it, and with whom the Rivers of Syria are far better than all the

PREFACE

Rivers of Judea, and who can see "no good to come out of Galilee"; and besides, are there not a multitude of books on the same subject far better written than this!

"Yes I know, that is so,

With you I quite agree."

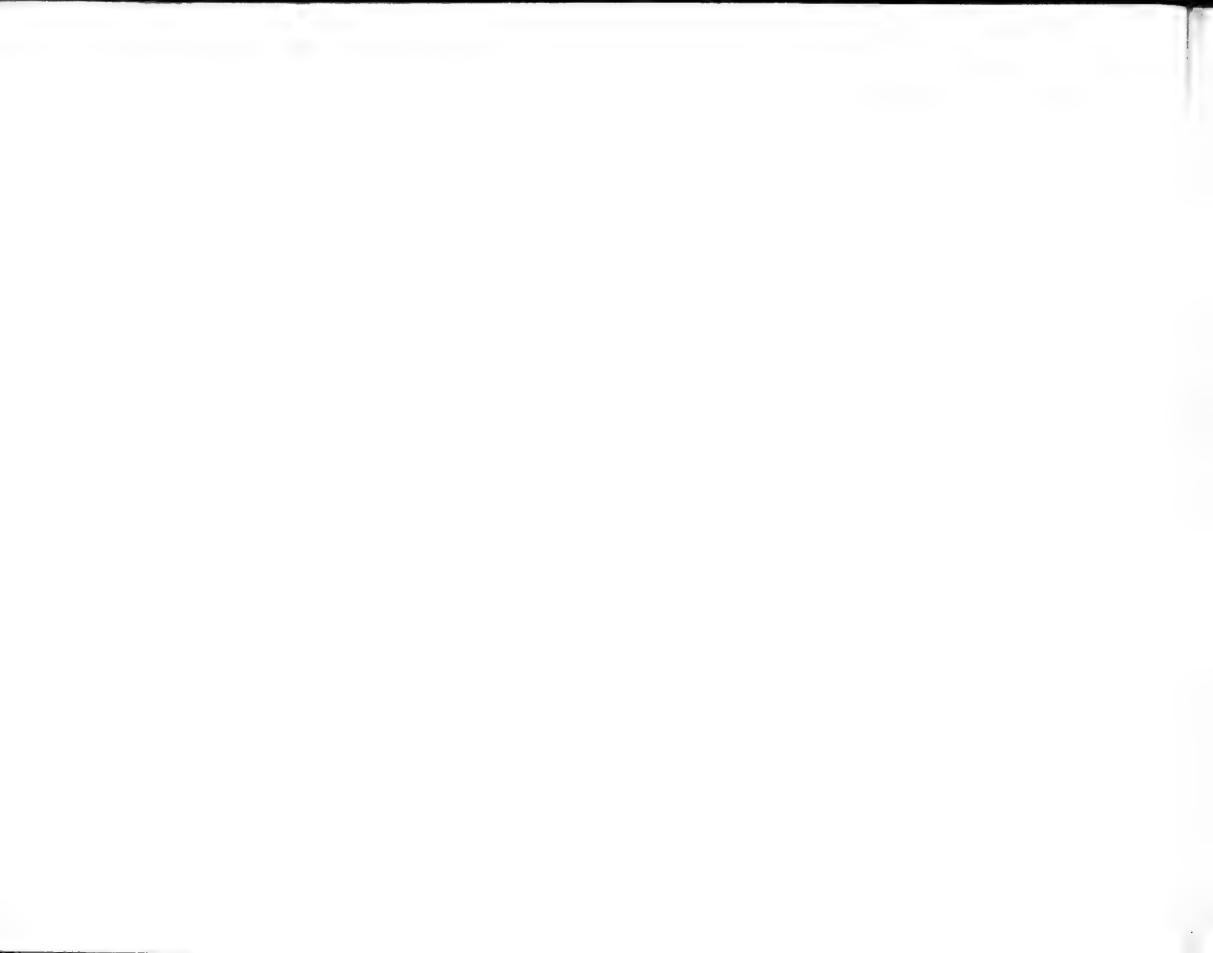
And I feel that if I were to re-write these letters to prepare them for more exalted criticism than good natured readers of newspapers, who amiably seek only to be amused, would bestow upon them, they would present a very different and much modified aspect, I do not say improvement, but the coloring would be changed. It does not look at all the same to me now, viewed at this distance, though "I did in nothing extenuate nor set down aught in malice," but described things as I saw them, and felt them. I had almost said smelt them, at the times and on the spots. But now, like a traveller who having just crossed a rough and troublesome lake or sea, and, for getting its miseries, views it for the last time from some distant mountain height, and finds the sea lately so disagreeable and treacherous now basking serenely under the declining sun, all its great, rough waves smoothed out by distance to the merest wrinkles crawling over its smiling bosom, all quiet, serene, and happy, feels himself disposed at the charming sight, to alter his previous notions of its disagreeabilities: so I find myself beginning to entertain different notions of dear old Jerusalem, its lovely hills and valleys and its dear old biblical associations, while the halo of glory that hangs over it continually, for being the place of Christ's life, death and resurrection, becomes intensified and more hallowed, and shines with greater lustre with each step the traveller takes away from it. If I were to re-write it, it would be more in this spirit, with this coloring, but it would not be so true, "*et magna est veritas et prevalebit.*" So I'll alter nothing, but in the words of a great Poet—

Come woe come woe

We'll let it go.

THE AUTHOR,

Toronto, October 1st, 1888





Ancient Forum, Rome.



Dance of the Tarantula.

LONDON, January 26th, 1888.

MY DEAR C—— .

You made me promise while lunching together one day at our club that I would write to you while on my trip abroad. I always keep my promises. You will perhaps think twice before you make me promise again. I will spare you however, description in detail, which you can get far better out of any Encyclopædia or guide-book, and only give you incidents of travel and views of life and manners as I saw them.

I believe our common object was to find a land of perpetual summer, or rather, "summer in winter." Alas! it is not to be found in Europe. In fighting King Boreas, it is necessary to carry the war into Africa, and that has its drawbacks and disadvantages. I fear neither Nice nor Naples will do, especially in the company of such a wild, reckless, irresponsible winter as this last has been, adding to the rest of its villainies, misconduct of every sort, that it has rarely been guilty of before, playing its vicious pranks even down the whole of the Riviera, where it has been tolerably mild-mannered heretofore.

I am afraid that like the Philosopher's stone, or the Fountain of Youth, that we seek, "summer in winter" does not exist anywhere. So much for the object of our expedition.

Now for the incidents and adventures of the search. Ho! for the train rapide to-morrow morning, to a.m., through direct to Nice in twenty-eight hours without change.

NICE, February 1st, 1888.

Here I thought it advisable to begin the search for "summer in winter." My experience of last winter not having quite satisfied me, in consequence of having been so summarily dislodged by the great earthquake of 1887, which ushered in that last memorable Ash Wednesday morning.

The earth hath indeed ceased its trembling, but the effects of it are still felt by the hotel-keepers, in their receipts. They are not "turning away money" now every day, as they did then. Not two-thirds as many people here this year as were last. Hotels not half full. Carnival processions as noisy as ever; for the public will stand on their heads all day to attract tourists and their money, but it all looks unlike itself. The battles of flowers and confetti, drooping and nerveless, without verve, though the Prince of Wales is here again, on the top of a drag with six horses, pelting the handsomer ladies with flowers, accompanied with that ever ready bland smile, so peculiarly his own. But all will not do, winter is

here with snow low down on the mountains, bringing chilly breezes,—rain, almost ceaseless rain, or dull gray clouds, damping the few small spirits that have resurrected after the earthquake. All is useless. The carnival is past—Lent has come, with no earthquake this time certainly—but it is winter here, not summer in winter, so we will pass on in our search to Rome.

ROME, March 1st, 1888.

The Eternal City, but most changeful of all cities! Our entry into it was not unlike, in some respects, the triumphal entries in ancient times of some of its successful Generals,—in that it was accompanied with some noise and excitement. It was near being our exit from Rome and all things mundane as well.

It happened to us in this wise:

I had ordered rooms by letter at the Hotel de Quirinal, but was one day late in arriving, and had failed to telegraph the delay, and was met by the proprietor with the hypocritical air of regret, and only half concealed smile of satisfaction with which they always tell you that "they are very sorry," "but there is not a room vacant in the house." "People are sleeping in the drawing rooms, on the billiard tables, in the corridors, on the floors." "Not hearing further from me, my not turning up as expected, my rooms had been assigned to others." "Very sorry, very sorry, indeed," accompanied with dry wringing of the hands, etc.

What was to be done? o'clock p.m. Quite dark. Raining hard. Rome full of strangers, thanks to the jubilee, and the coming Easter week. But we were a large party, and so a very desirable one. The manager, striking his forehead violently with his right hand, and then drawing it slowly across his brow, said he had caught an idea.

The Albergo d'Italie he knew was not quite full. He would telephone and ask if he could send us there for a night, and the next day, when some of his pilgrims had gone (they are forever coming and going), perhaps he could take us in. The response was favorable, and we were all packed two and two, as in the ark, into one horse cabs,—low hung, hooded vehicles, with the hoods closed because of the rain, and only the driver's coat-tails hanging down from his seat, and a narrow bit of dark and rainy sky visible in front, and neither outlet, or outlook elsewhere; shut up like rats in a trap, entirely at the mercy of the carefulness and discretion of our driver. And to add to the horrors of the situation, I suspected from his manner he was drunk. The horse, a large restive black brute, could hardly be kept quiet until we were closed in, and then we started off with all the omens against us. The driver from the first seemed to have a drunken pride

in his horse, and wished to show his mettle, and what he could do. In his reckless speed he required everything to keep out of his way, and was followed on his headlong way by the imprecations of all the other cab drivers on his route. I tugged at his coat-tails from behind, begging and commanding him to go more slowly, and would have got out and left him in the road, if it had been possible to get out of that living trap. I succeeded, however, in reducing somewhat his speed, until we reached the top of the Via des Quatre Fontaines, and began to descend the steep stone paved Quirinal hill down to the regions below, in which was situate the Albergo d'Italie.

Then the wild race began anew. John Gilpin, in his famous race, would have been hopelessly distanced

I never saw a horse run so fast, I thought, in all my life. The driver had lost all control of him, and the horse had lost all control of himself.

Down that dark, steep, slippery, wet stone street to Avernus he must go at the top of his speed, to keep on his feet at all, the weight behind him and the momentum was so great.

The few passers-by in the dark, ill-lighted street shouted wildly at our horse and driver to stop. A crowd started to run after us to be in at the death.

The drunken driver, half-sobered now, tugged pluckily, but uselessly, at the reins, for the horse could not stop then, if he would, down that stony slide. The page boy from the hotel, sitting on the box beside him, holding in his hand a lady's dressing bag, stuck to his seat, for to jump was almost certain death, but cried and moaned like a lost spirit. His lamentations, mixed with the shouts and exclamations of the few people on the street, had an unnerving, weird effect in the darkness.

The very carriage, too, seemed to protest against the unusual speed. It oscillated violently from side to side of the narrow street; now striking its wheels against the stone-curb on one side, striking off a shower of sparks, then swaying heavily over to the other, to produce the same pyrotechnic effect there. I expected each instant after these shocks that it would be overthrown, and we be inevitably dragged to death, over the steep stone pavement of this horrible *cul de sac*.

For a few moments (and terrible ones they were), we looked death squarely in the face—into his very teeth. There seemed no chance, no hope of escape. I have never been so close to the dread one before. Then arose suddenly before

us a dark, frowning stone wall, that seemed to reach to the heavens. We could not see the top of it, closed in as we were. It seemed to approach us rapidly, as if to fall upon us and close the horrible drama.

It was an elbow of the street, turning nearly at right angles, lined by high stone warehouses.

To continue on, it was necessary to turn abruptly to the right or left, but at our comet-like speed it was impossible to turn. The horse seemed for a moment to realize his own danger, and made one supreme struggle to stop. But vainly. Then one more violent plunge; the dark-gray stone wall seemed for one pitying instant to hang over us before the final crash, and then all was chaos. When I came to be pulled out by the assisting crowd that had frantically followed us, I found myself in the midst of a broken and confused wreck, heaped together, of dead or dying horse, much-injured driver, not in the least hurt boy—it is always so; and smashed carriage. Some other sympathizing on-lookers helped my wife out, whose first exclamation was, "Where is my dressing bag?"!!!

"Are you hurt?" I asked. "I think not, but where is my dressing bag? That boy had it in his hands."

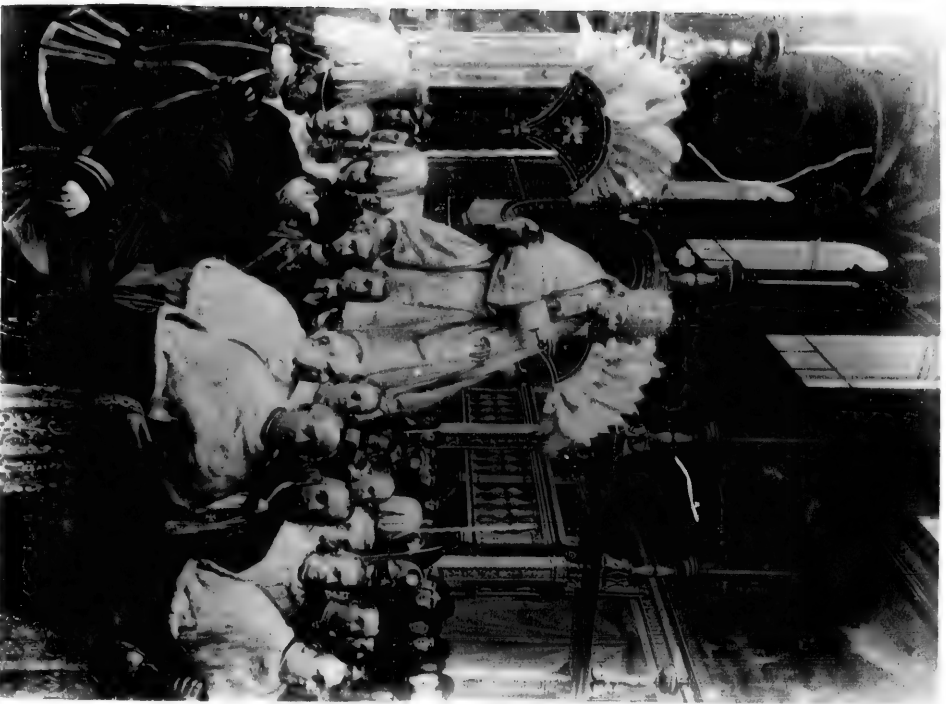
That boy seemed to be still dreaming, but when, well poked up, set himself to work to find the dressing bag.

But alas! it was not to be found. It had been carried away as a souvenir by some one of the benevolent and sympathizing crowd who had assisted at our finale and helped us out of the wreck. The loss was not great, and thankful for our lives we charged through the rain and darkness back over part of our late wild career to the Albergo d'Italie, conducted by another of the sympathizing crowd to whom I gave a franc, because, poor fellow, there was not another dressing bag for him to reward himself with.

The only other inconvenience that followed our escapade was a general soreness of body, resulting from the shock, that erected us the next morning on awakening, lasting faintly two or three weeks.

The only other incident worth mentioning that occurred while in Rome, was, that we were so fortunate as to obtain cards of admission to the Sistine Chapel on the anniversary of Pope Leo XIII's coronation, through the kindness of an Irish family, with influential friends at Rome, with whom we were travelling.

It was a grand and sumptuous ceremony. The Pope was carried in over the heads of Princes, Potentates and representatives of powers by the Cardinals—twenty-six of whom were present, carrying him aloft in a magnificent chair—throw-



Anniversary of the Coronation of Pope Leo xiii.



Rome. St. Peter's, and Castle of San Angelo.

ing blessings with the two middle fingers of his right hand, down on the heads of Archbishops, Bishops, Priests, and laity on either side, while on his fourth finger flashed the finest ring I ever saw. It quite fascinated my gaze, as it moved and turned in and out, this way and that, with a magnetic power, which the serpent's eye was once reputed to have.

Curiously enough, the first glimpse of his face reminded me instantly of Sir John Macdonald

The same cold, calm, marble-like features, when unlighted by a smile, but when the smile came, how changed !

The same esthetic features : the same pale, intelligent face, speaking of depth of diplomacy and thorough understanding of what is in the minds of men ; the same fathoming of what is in their hearts and intents and purposes, and the kindly heart himself to understand and appreciate their weaknesses, and the same never failing smile, half cynical, half benevolent, and very human

Men who are leaders of men, by their intellect, by their personal magnetism, by their power over the wills of those who come in contact with them, generally resemble each other in the impressions they leave on our minds, and recall each other. They have what is commonly called tact, carefulness, capability, but I sometimes fancy it is a sense of some occult kind given to but few, but by means of which they sway others, insensibly to themselves, without knowing how or why they do it. But let us leave this abstruse subject, and go away with one of the Pope's choicest blessings, snapped upon our unworthy heads, to see if even here is to be found our great desideratum, "summer and winter.

But no. The snows of the Appennines are melting

The raging Tiber has overflowed its banks

A portion of the Corso is under water,

The Pantheon floor is flooded three feet deep, and

Dark as winter is the flow
Of Tiber rolling rapidly,

Winter is still upon us. Let us arise and go unto Naples

NAPLES, March 20th, 1888.

"See Naples and die!" is the usual formula to begin a description of Naples with. Whosoever first concocted and wrote the phrase was a fool.

"See Naples and live!" for it is worth seeing many times over.

But is "summer in winter" to be found here?

We will look about and see.

Ha! Can that be my old friend Vesuvius; the smoke of whose pipe used to rise so gaily out of the crater's mouth.

Why! now he is white with age.

His head robed in clouds as though he had a bad cold, and only a thin bit of blue smoke coming feebly out of his top.

What is the matter?

How he has grown old, certainly!

"Oh, sir," says my guide, "that is the snow you see. We have had an unusual quantity this winter, and the snow has come lower down on Vesuvius this winter than ever before, and lasted longer. It has not melted off by the heat of the crater as before, it has been such a cold winter. It is not worth your while to attempt going up there now sir, or for some time to come. You will see nothing but the Railway in going up, and cloud, and rain, or snow, when you get there. 'I saw some people,' he continued, "coming down yesterday wet as drowned rats, and cursing Cook's people who sent them there, the railway and everybody connected with it. They paid their twenty-eight francs to go up; were importuned constantly for money; cheated on every side; lost their money and their patience as well, and got nothing in return but a wet knee."

"You are too early; March is not a good month to visit Naples, April is better."

"Then 'summer in winter' does not exist in Naples?" "Oh, no!" quoth the guide, "you must go to Algiers or Egypt for that."

"Egypt," quoth I, "why not Cairo." "Va pour Cairo," quoth I.



Naples.



Shepherd's Hotel, Cairo.

SHEPARD'S HOTEL, CAIRO.

April 1st, EASTER SUNDAY

Well, here I am, and will proceed to tell you the incidents of travel from Naples to ———.

What do you ask? 'If I have found summer in winter yet? Oh,— well! What do you mean by summer? You have never explained to me what you really want; what your idea of summer is.

Do you mean by summer, some place where the fond, affectionate house-fly never dies? Where he goes on increasing and multiplying his seed forever? Where kind, forgiving in his nature, he returns to fondle you again and again, not resenting the vicious slap that you give at him, over and over again. If that is what you mean by summer, I have found it and him too. If you mean by summer a place or state of being where the gay and caressing mosquitoes "continually do sing" about your head—if so, why then I *have* found it, and they, confound them, have found me too.

Yes, I think I have found "summer in winter" at last, and I don't want it, neither do you. But if you do, why come along. There are plenty for *you* to curse and strike at too. Do not be modest. There are plenty for both of us.

The wicked flea, too, is not unknown here, besides a great number of other beasts that fly by day and crawl by night, and have been in this land of the Pharaohs since the days when Moses most recklessly called them up to reduce Pharaoh to a penitential and pious frame of mind. I think Moses was mistaken in his treatment. I know it has a most contrary effect on my mind, and did not seem, either, to make a lasting impression upon that of Pharaoh's.

No, my dear friend, I assure you that now I have found "summer in winter" neither that or anything else out of its proper season, such as winter asparagus, and pease, tasting as if punched out of the pith of a cabbage stalk, are worth the cost, and whose only recommendation is, that they have cost a lot of money.

No. Take the seasons as they come. So may you live long to enjoy them, and eat their fruits in due season.

Thank the Lord that you live in so noble a climate as that of Canada, where the bracing, invigorating winters, with their natural sports and pastimes, build up and fortify a race of men, strong to battle with nature and conquer her difficulties, and favorably to compare with any other nationality of the world. Thank Him for your lovely springs, so delicate and pure, like a new creation bursting into life; short, I grant, but so much more beautiful for their concentration.

Thank Him for your magnificent summers, and seek no other, not even here, and above all thank Him for your grand and glorious autumns, like which there are no others in the world

Grand and beautiful autumn in Canada! With the golden sun pouring radiantly down upon the rich yellow harvests. Where kind nature seems never done or satisfied with pouring into earth's bosom her best and choicest treasures. How well I remember those glowing autumn scenes!—the orchard trees bending under their load of rich and golden fruit—the thick, yellow stubble reflecting the rays of the sun, and showing marks of a rich and lately garnered harvest—the bursting barns so full that the sheaves can be seen crowding each other out, till portions thrust themselves out through many a crack and crevice—the ripe, red pumpkins glistening in the sun, and the soft haze of a coming Indian summer, lingering softly over the landscape, and speaking of peace and plenty and prosperity in all the land.

Oh, Canada! thou art fair, and I love thee passing well. I will seek no longer in other climes thy peer, for thou hast none: thou art peerless and beautiful forever.

To get back again to the subject of our search and investigations, "summer in winter" I take it, the mission is accomplished if we have found it, and I think we have, for I consider the common house-fly a much better standard than the proverbial swallow. Where he never dies, summer never dies, and if he does die, a thousand come in his place—so then we may assume I have found summer. We do not want it, at least not now, and so the matter ends.

I may now retrace my steps to Naples and give you the incidents of travel from there to this place, as I was beginning to do when you interrupted me with your stupid question—as to whether I had found summer yet?

In resolving to leave Naples for Egypt and the East, I was impelled as much by the desire to rid myself of three or four bad colds, lying in strata, one upon another, and it seemed necessary for me to find heat and summer to strip them off, and this reason served as strongly to send me to Egypt as any other. But now arose some difficulties.

We were travelling in company with a charming family from Wicklow, Ireland, mentioned before, and we had all bought Cook's circular tickets from London to Naples by the Riviera, to return by Venice and the Italian lakes and Paris to London, good for ninety days only, and not transferable, they said, though of course the last is nonsense and non-enforceable; but the ninety days' limit stood like a stone wall, and there was no getting over it, and to go to Egypt was to throw away our return tickets.

So they, our charming Irish friends, resolved sorrowfully to give the idea up. Not so with me. I had got so far in search of summer and had found none, and had got three or four bad colds into the bargain. I resolved I would go further in the search, even if I fared worse.

So, securing apartments at the Grand Hotel, Naples, for my family, and saying "good-bye" to our Irish friends who went back to Rome for a special audience with His Holiness, I placed my return tickets in the hands of my landlord, dispose of as he best could, and went down and took my cabin in the Steamer Oroya, of the Orient line, for Port Said and through the Suez Canal to Suez.

No finer line than the Orient exists: replete with every luxury. But here, let me warn you, if, like John Gilpin's wit "on pleasure bent," never become a Cook's Tourist, or "Cookite" as they are called. I never did it before, and never will again.

The beauty of travelling is, I think, to wander like a butterfly, zig-zag, up and down, following sweet fancy alone, never to buy a ticket beyond the next place you intend to stop at. You may change your mind during the night, and you have high authority for doing so. Gladstone once said, on being reproached with expressing ideas differing from some he had formerly uttered, "That is the difference," said he, "between me and a donkey. I change my opinions sometime on better information, but a donkey never changes his." I dare say you will mutter that you did not know before that there was even that difference between the two, but the sarcasm does not affect the principle, which is—never buy a Cook circular ticket, for you will be sure to want awfully to go somewhere else if you do.

But to get back to the Oroya and out of the magnificent Bay, through the Islands of Capri and Ischia, over the blue waters, passing Stromboli after dark, that great light-house of the Mediterranean, whose volcanic fires may be seen at night a hundred miles away. Passing at midnight through the Straits of Messina, leaving the Whirlpool of Scylla on the left, and the rocks of Charybdis on the right, so dangerous as they were for the ancients, their little boats hugging the shore, exemplifying the old couplet:

"Little boats keep near the shore,
But bigger boats may venture more."

Our grand Oroya steamed proudly down the middle of the current, through the Straits, here two miles wide, neither fearing Scylla nor regarding Charybdis.

On our right, close to the shore, lay the little town of Messina nearly invisible. It lies nestling at the foot of grand and rugged mountains, white with snow almost to their feet, showing distinctly that here too has not yet summer come.

On we go, past the Island of Candia, formerly Crete, in whose fair havens Paul begged the master of the ship to tarry for winter, whose snow-capped tops and sides declare plainly that now, as in Paul's day, winter dwelleth there securely, and so on till the evening of the fourth day, when the Oroya entered the Suez Canal at Port Said, where I went ashore, and was immediately handed a cable from Toronto by a swarthy Egyptian.

A rather profane passenger on board said if he owned Port Said and Hades, he would sell Port Said and keep the other.

I might add, that if the purchaser of Port Said was dissatisfied he might have, into the bargain, all the country beyond Port Said and Suez, and one be none the poorer and the other be none the richer for the addition.

The way of the canal lies through the heart of the Arabian Desert. Nothing but shining sands and mounds of baked earth, which the sun never fails to beat down upon, and upon which no rains ever fall, interspersed here and there by a squat collection of Arab hovels, hardly distinguishable from the mounds of sun-baked earth; the whole evidently the bottom, once, of an ancient sea.

My shortest way to Cairo was to leave the ship at Ismailia and take the rail cars through Tol El Kebir and Zigazag to Cairo, but I was beginning to feel the approach of summer, and the power of the sun to throw off my troublesome

I was enjoying the ship with its awnings and manifold appliances of luxury. The heat of the equator, too, was nothing before the bar-room steward's ingenuity in manufacturing cooling drinks, so I resolved to keep with the ship as far as I could; at any rate as far as Suez, and see where the Israelites crossed. Indeed I believe that bar-room steward could make you to see them crossing yet. I am sure they would have crossed back again if they had seen him on the other side, never minding Moses.

All day through the canal, lying at Gares, of which there are fifteen, one of which the ship must lie in if another has gone into the stretch ahead of her. It is like a single line of railway with fifteen stations or Gares, with sidings, and worked on the Block System, till 6 p. m. when we arrive at Suez.

At Suez, or rather at the Canal Company's wharf on the Red Sea, five miles below Suez—it is at the head of the Gulf of the same name—you will require to disembark into the Company's steam launch to proceed to Suez, but we having



Sphinx, and Temple of Ra.
(RECENT EXCAVATIONS)



Sphinx,

CHIEFWING TEMPLE BETWEEN THE PAWS

on board some distinguished personages (I do not know who) were offered the use of the Company's Agent's own private launch—a slight, swift, sharp thing with scarcely a foot of freeboard above water. I disliked to step upon her deck.

There was no room below but a well or pit large enough for the engineer and his Arab boy attendant.

The sea, however, was smooth as glass, and full of sharks. I quickly stepped aboard and sat down on the gunwale astern, carefully lifting my coat to keep it out of the water, and soon fell into meditations. There was plenty of food for the imagination to feed upon.

There to the left was the Jebel Akabah Range of mountains, stretching from the Nile to the shores of the Red Sea, through the desert. There, too, is pointed out the place of crossing of the Israelites when pursued by the Egyptian host— they came to its shores, and further flight seemed impossible.

On the other side of the Gulf, in the dim distance, are pointed out Sinai and the mountains of Arabia, while the awful and silent desert of Arabia lay beyond. The Red Sea, dividing Egypt from Arabia and Canaan, Africa from Asia, lay at their feet as they stood panting and dismayed.

Then my thoughts changed again at the sight of the beautiful and dying colors of an eastern sunset. For the sun had long gone down behind the Jebel Akabah range, and the sweet, changeful dying lights reminded me somehow of Jacob, when for the first time in his life leaving his father's house, fleeing into the desert to escape the wrath of an outraged brother. He may have, at the close of the first day's flight, sat and watched with bitter reflections a sunset like this before he turned over and rolled up the stone that was to serve him for a pillow that night.

Suddenly I was interrupted in my meditations by a voice saying in my ear:

"You know me?"

"My name is Billie Johnson."

"Me very good dragoman."

Looking around I found sitting on the gunwale alongside and facing me, a young, swarthy, good-looking Egyptian, picturesquely dressed in turban and long blue cotton gown, which nearly bagged into the water, and sandals on his long, slim, aristocratic-looking feet.

I saw he wanted to persuade me to engage his services to Cairo, and up the Nile, as I had noticed him doing with the other passengers. I assured him that I was not going far up the Nile this time, and did not want a dragoman merely to

He hastened to assure me that Cairo was a very bad place, unsafe for gentlemen to go there alone.

Need brave, strong dragoman to protect him. Little boys in the street come up behind gentleman and steal his handkerchief. Need brave, strong dragoman always."

At this juncture the Arab boy who attends the engineer came up in his bare feet with a large bucket of ashes from the boiler furnace to empty into the sea. Silently, as these Arabs always move, he came towards us, and carelessly threw the ashes into the water directly behind my dragoman friend's back, who was not in a position to see what was doing, but only heard the sudden splash in the water behind him.

With a yell of terror, and a face blanched to the color of ashes, he jumped to his feet and began to scream wildly, "a shark! a shark!" and pulled around his cotton gown to see how much of it had been carried away by this voracious monster of the deep, and blessed his stars for his lucky escape. It was some time before he realized what really had happened. He did not trouble me any further till just as we were arriving at the customs wharf, he came back to me and asked me if I still remembered his name. I was able to answer quickly, "yes," and that I never could forget it. It was Billie Johnson; and that if he would come to the hotel and inform me when my baggage had arrived, I would employ him to see it through the customs and to carry it to my rooms in the hotel, and any other little commissions I might have for him.

Arab character, however, is as weak as any other, and when the luggage arrived I saw Billie Johnson contentedly leading away a party of five or six to get their luggage, turning his back on me, who, single and alone, was not worth nearly as much as a party of five or more.

I went to the manager and asked him if he could give me a dragoman to accompany me for my luggage.

"Yes," he said, rather doubtfully, "there is Moses left. You may not be pleased with his looks, but he is intelligent, and if I send him will act honestly with you."

"All right, send him up," and soon came up the most villainous-looking Arab conceivable.

Intelligent? No doubt of it.

Honest? It would need more than the assurance of the manager to convince me of that.

A face as scarred and seamed with ancient fights as the mug of an old retired bull-dog hero of many days' battl. His face was pitted with small-pox. One eye totally gone, and the other had a most murderous squint; almost in a north-easterly direction,--north-east by half east I should say, to be exact.

This Moses looked as if he could not only lead the Israelites into the desert, but rob them of every piastre they had, when he had got them there.

I was perfectly charmed with him at first sight, and engaged him at once, though I would not like to have met him in a lone place after dark.

He carried me through the customs long before Billie Johnson's party, cleverly and quietly, without one single bit of annoyance; and long after I was back smoking comfortably in the open court, Billie Johnson's party were haggling with their donkey-boys and porters over a few piastres on the luggage, while Moses was bringing me a cup of black coffee.

Intelligent? Yes. Moses was intelligent, certainly.

After dinner I asked the manager if there were any amusements in Suez, that one could go to for an hour. Moses had been darkly hinting at "nautch dances," etc.

"Amusements?" answered the manager, "No. We have only our climate to boast of, but it is the finest climate in the world."

I am partly inclined to believe him.

Suez is surrounded on all sides by the desert, with its dry, pure air. The constant sunshine upon the bright little oasis, made by the sweet water canal, bringing its waters from the Nile at Cairo, must make it wholesome.

Speaking of climate. How much of national character depends upon it. Egypt is almost English. You hear English spoken everywhere. English influence is strongly felt in all Egypt.

Nine vessels out of ten coming through the canal are English. Though the French built it, yet not one Frenchman to nine Englishmen is to be found anywhere. I think the average is about that both here and in America.

What is it? Climate, and only climate

The French say the English have such a villainous climate that they cannot live at home, while France has such a delightful climate that Frenchmen cannot live out of it. I cannot say, but I have heard that an Englishman is only at home when abroad, and an Irishman is only at peace when fighting.

At Suez, when you quit the English steamer, Eastern life begins. You are landed in the very heart of it, and I must say I like it.

I like the easy, careless life, to let things take their own course. If a thing is to be, it will be.

It is "Kismet." Let Allah be praised either way.

I like Oriental ways, customs, and ideas. I like their dress and habits, the picturesque turban and long, blue cotton gown, the natty fez and baggy trousers. I like their soft, quiet, cat-like movements, in and out of your chamber; coming in without knocking, going out without your knowing it.

Dark, swarthy Arabs, lithe, graceful Egyptians; blackest of black Negroes. All men, not a woman servant to be seen in or about the hotels.

Dragoman Moses brought me my coffee and roll at 7 a.m., immediately followed by my tub and hot water.

Luxury and ease and comfort are in the East.

On getting up, I noticed, framed and hung on the wall, in tolerable English, the tariff and regulations of the hotel, as follows:

First: "Gentlemen not to keep dogs in their rooms."

This, somehow, reminded me of a regulation I saw once in the chamber of a hotel in the Western States of America: "Gentlemen are requested not to go to bed with their boots on." But that being in a country where gentlemen often die with their boots on, perhaps the rule was needed; at anyrate, you may depend the landlord knew his guests and their habits. But to continue with the one at the Hotel de Suez.



Temple of Amen.



Colonnade of Isis.

Second: "Gentlemen may see from the roof of this Hotel the Wells of Moses and the place where the Israelites crossed."

Third: "Board 16s. a day."

This was, literally, all the frame contained, and I inferred that the two shillings a day were added to the tariff for the Wells of Moses and the Israelitish crossing to be seen from the roof, because here at Shephard's—a far better, and higher class hotel—board is 16s. a day, but there are no miracle places to be seen from its roof. I think there is also at Suez a wheel from Pharaoh's chariot, fished up from the bottom of the Red Sea. The opposition hotel has that, I am glad to say, so I did not see it, and am saved probably a shilling a day thereby, but that it is perfectly authentic there is not the smallest doubt, for it has Pharaoh's own name cut on one of its wheels, to the utter confusion of all scoffers and sceptics.

After breakfast, conducted by Moses, I took a turn through the bazaars or markets. All sort of trades, pursuits, and professions are carried on there, half in the streets and half in the shops, which are only half-way booths open to the streets.

Everything conceivable is made there and offered for sale. The effect of the whole may be described in a few words: "Curious and dirty; picturesque, and full of flies."

I took the opportunity offered by my dragoman to learn a little Arabic for use while in the country. Three phrases were all I wanted, and soon I had mastered them. The first is, "Masherif," and means, "I do not understand."

The second is, "Mishouse," "I do not want it."

The third, and most emphatic when accompanied with a scowl and a significant gesture, with a stout stick in your hand, is, "Imm shii," "Get out!"

With these three phrases—Masherif, Mishouse, and Imm shii, and a good English tongue in your head, you may ravel quite comfortably all over the East.

This amount of Arabic seems rather limited I am aware, but I heard an American once say that he had travelled all over the continent of Europe, knowing besides his mother tongue but one word of French. That he was able with that one simple word to get all he wanted in the country, and to carry away all he desired or needed. That one simple cabalistic word was, as he told me with the utmost sincerity, "potash."

He said he used to step into a restaurant, seat himself at the table, take up a napkin, tuck it in under his chin, and with a half-sowd and half-need to a waiter, carefully and deliberately say, "waiter, potash!" potage.

That was brought, and all the rest followed in due course, without need of another word.

He first thing one looks for in Suez, as everywhere else, is the women. What are they like?

Well, at Suez, as everywhere else, they vary. Don't the poets say something about varying women? Or is it "Woman in her varying moods ever pleasing, ever good." How does it run? I cannot quite remember, so let it go.

I can only remember

"Pretty Mary,

Quite contrary

Yes, I have forgotten that, too. It is so hot now, this morning as I am writing, I can scarcely remember anything.

Reverends a n o moutens, the Suez women.

Well, as I said, they are assorted. Some wear veils, some don't. Those that don't, you sometimes wish they did.

The married ones wear a long black veil over their heads, coming down over their foreheads to their eye-brows, -then around the head and across the face again, this time covering the lower part of the face to just below the eyes, -then down the back nearly to the ground. It is not pretty, and leaves a strip of the face nearly two inches wide, with the eyes uncovered.

To fill up this space they bind a bit of cylindrical pipe, say like a bit of gas pipe, about two inches long, open at the two ends, carried upon the nose, up and down between the eyes, fastened with three fine wires coming round the head. What the object or meaning of this hideous arrangement is I cannot say, but I am inclined to believe that the whole disguise is a dispensation of Providence.*

They do it, Moses says, my Moses, as an honor and tribute of affection to their husbands, so that no other men may look on their faces but they. Well, I am satisfied, and hope the husbands are.

The women with uncovered faces are those whose husbands are dead, and who do not think of marrying again. (No wonder. And those strong, sun-burnt women—with faces young and healthy, many of them—are peasant women who work in the fields, and never cover their faces.

Ah! Here comes a dainty little Princess, not more than eleven years of age, attended by a Nubian boy, two years her senior. See! she is carrying a veil, too, but, by favor of Providence, over her arm, instead of her face. And such eyes!! Deep, black, lustrous, full of glowing, hidden fire. But she sees us looking at her, and with a startled motion, she covers her face instantly with her veil.

"She has no husband yet. Why did she do that?" I ask the guide.

"Oh! Her father, he very rich. He no want men to see her face. She knows that, and hide it if you like."

Now we are come to a group of Bedouins, children of the desert; and children they almost are when in the city after supplies, or hanging about the market, waiting for some person to hire them and their camels, to accompany to the desert to Sinai or Cairo; but once in their native deserts again, they recover their spirits and appear more to advantage. I should hope so at least, for here they do not shine, and a Paris rag-picker would scorn to lumber his basket with all they wear for clothes.

I am told a trip of seven or eight days over the desert with them will cure any ill almost that flesh is heir to.

Riding a camel by day, and sleeping on the warm sands by night, or under a tent, is the most wholesome regimen yet discovered. But it is time to leave the bazaars, to catch the train for Cairo.

It was not an unpleasant trip by rail from Suez to Cairo in seven hours through Tel el Kebir on the confines of the ancient land of Goshen, where a pretty English cemetery surrounded by a stone and iron fence, marks the spot where many a brave soldier lies, who laid down his life to add Tel el Kebir to the long list of English trophies, and to hand Egypt over to English domination. For so it is now."

I heard a lady say last night at the table d'hôte, "I do not like Cairo so much since it has become so thoroughly English, you know."

I guess she was an American.

Now don't ask me to tell you anything about Cairo, for I really cannot. It beggars and defies all description. I can give you my impressions in a poor way of the Delta, rich and fertile. The fairest land the sun ever shone upon. But Cairo I cannot!! Powers of description seem to fail when I think of its uniqueness. But that word does not describe

It is incongruous. It is both. It is far more than both. It is a whole pack of utter absurdities. Everybody and everything seems absurd in the highest degree, but do not seem to realize it.

A limbo of practical jokers portrayed by Danté and illustrated by Doré might give a faint idea.

A lot of old jokers condemned to a perpetual rehearsal of their old jokes, and going through them painfully, solemnly and penitentially, might perhaps give an idea of it. But I cannot present you a whole picture. I might possibly send you bits, but I cannot put them together for you.

Here is one.

You may see a big, fat Mussulman, his loose clothing sweeping the ground, coming rapidly towards you, but he is not walking or running, or making any exertion whatever. He must be sitting on something that is moving. Yes, he is. See, there is the donkey's head sticking out of his clothes. Of course you cannot see the donkey, but he is there all the time, and the rider is as solemn through it all as a marble statue. While you are wondering regarding that piece of pantomime, your hat is nearly knocked off your head, and, on looking quickly round, the swinging head, swan-like neck, and swaying body of a camel swings past, carrying on his back a black and dirty Arab, and all his worldly possessions, worth ten cents say, in the rag shop.

Thus the multitude varies—is repeated *ad infinitum*.

An ever-changing kaleidoscope of many colors.

A perpetual-moving Christmas pantomime.

You hear cries and screams coming down the thickly-crowded street, and the mob divide right and left for two Eastern runners at full speed, with wands in their hands—like those that ran before the chariot of Ahab—gesticulating and waving their hands, and crying out in Arabic, what may be freely translated thus

"Make way! make way! make way there! for His Highness the grand Inglis Goddam. Clear the way! Clear the

You look around, and there sits an English doctor, perhaps, with a pith helmet on his head, grave as a Cadi, going in a hurry to visit a sick patient, in a small pony-cart, drawn by a pony or donkey. Or, more likely, it is an English subaltern, ensign, or midny, going somewhere, perhaps nowhere in particular, but always with grand fuss and dispatch



Egyptian Women,



Cairo, and Mosque of Mehmet Ali.

These latter infest in great numbers the land of Egypt at the present day, but seem to have been unknown to Moses, for it does not appear that he plagued Pharaoh with them.

There, again, are coming some well-appointed English landaus and Victorias, with English horses, harness, coachmen, and grooms, but without outriders or forerunners, or fuss or ostentation of any kind. Who are they?

Why only the luxurious and unspeakable Turk, with nothing to distinguish him from the Boulevard loungeur or frequenter of the Bois-de-Boulogne or Hyde Park, but his red fez and swarthy face.

Ah! What are those shining, black lumps, so oddly curled up on the back of those fine, gray donkeys, conducted by that tall, black Nubian slave—so black that charcoal would draw a white mark on his face by comparison?

"They are Turkish ladies," said dragoman Mahmoud David.

They never wear a bit of gas-pipe between their eyes as the Arab and Egyptian women do, and are of much finer form and features, prettier and more intelligent than the others. They wear the Yashmik over their faces, and always wear that gauzy black habborah over all, which gives them that glossy and shiny appearance in the streets.

They ride astride their ponies and donkeys as all other women do in the East, but they ride in a different fashion from the others. They sit squarely on the saddle, facing right front, with their feet crossed in front over the pommel in rests, and their stirrups close beside the pommel. Their native sisters, though of Egyptian, Arabian or Coptic birth, are not so fastidious. They sit their horses or donkeys in true military style,—after the rules of modern cavalry practice.

"Legs straight down." "Feet well in the stirrup." "Well forward, and parallel with the horse." "Hands low down—elbows close in." "Head up." "Chest forward." "Well down in your saddle." "As you are, Madam."

And why not, ladies? Pray why not? It is all education and habit. We believe the things we are accustomed to are right and proper, and none else.

Here of course it is all right. All the world move on horses, camels, or donkeys. None go afoot but the poorest, and convenience is their only guide.

I have always pitied a European lady on horseback.

This morning I saw a man with his trunk going to the station in a hurry to catch a train. That is a familiar scene enough anywhere. But this man, like everybody here, was mounted on a donkey, and the donkey was only about half as large as the trunk. He seemed to be carrying the trunk himself and running away with a pair of donkey's legs, holding his own idle, and at the same time seemed unconscious himself of any absurdity.

He is only one of the shifting panorama. All the other people are doing equally ridiculous things.

Eastern life and Western civilization here mix and mingle in one grand *mélange* to crowd and throng the street in the most stupefying and bewildering manner imaginable.

Walking through the bazaars to-day with my dragoman, Mahmoud David, we noticed a crowd of shopkeepers gathered around a booth, talking, screaming, and gesticulating wildly. A stout old man in Turkish dress seemed reproaching a young man with bitter words, who sat, with his head buried in his hands, all unheeding, bowed like a reed before the storm. An elder brother, apparently, of the young man stood in the street, assisting the father to tongue-thrash the young reprobate; and the neighbors were all aiding and assisting both father and brother.

My dragoman, who had suddenly become interested in the warfare, was appealed to by the irate father to confirm his words, and at once he began to belabor the poor wretch with all the zeal of a new recruit.

As I was paying my dragoman six shillings a day for all his time and services, I insisted on having the matter explained to me. Upon which Mahmoud David told me "that the young man was wild; that though lately married to a nice girl he had the last night been absent all night from his home, goodness knew where, and had spent the night with cards and drinking, smoking opium, and what else no one could say, and had just come to the shop with a splitting headache, 'all broke up,' without going to his house and anxious wife at home." This was all very sad; and I could not refrain from agreeing with my dragoman and the father, and the elder brother and all the neighbors, so we all continued to pi-law the poor wretch for half an hour longer, and left him I think in a state of mind half way between that of the prodigal son and the impenitent thief.

Living here is almost, if not quite, a continual joke.

With this last bit I must close.

There is no use trying to describe Cairo for you. You must come and see it, and know it for yourself. That is the only way.

I have done the Pyramids, and the Mosques, and Old Cairo, and I wish now to leave it to go to see Jerusalem. I know I have not half done Cairo yet, and to go on and on, like the Wandering Jew, smacks of the tastes and habits of a veritable "globe trotter." But "at my time of life," as a distinguished Canadian politician once said, "the good angels shades bid me hurry my feet before the day is gone;" and there are many places still unvisited on the earth worth seeing. So, Ho! for Jerusalem!

JERUSALEM, April 15th, 1888.

Walk about Zion and go round about her. Felt the tower thereof. Mark well her bulwarks, that thou may tell it to the generations following."

There are two ways of coming here from Cairo, one across the desert, the way taken by Moses and the Israelites in the old time before us, over the burning sands of the Jebel Akabah range to Suez, crossing the Red Sea, and on to Sinai; thence over the deserts of Arabia Petra to the land of Canaan, taking them with wanderings, forty years to accomplish, taking now with camels and a good dragoon about three weeks, including some wanderings to places of interest outside of the regular route, and is well worth doing by those who have the time to give to it. It is also, I am told, a most wholesome, bracing, and rejuvenating course of regimen for those seeking relief from nervous exhaustion, resulting from overwork in the hurry and scurry of modern life with all its worries and anxieties.

Once you are upon the desert, no cables, no letters can reach you. No change of market to alter your peace of mind. No letters from your lawyer to raise again the old nervous worry, and provoke the peevish remark to your lips, "Can't that confounded lawyer do the business himself and let me alone?"

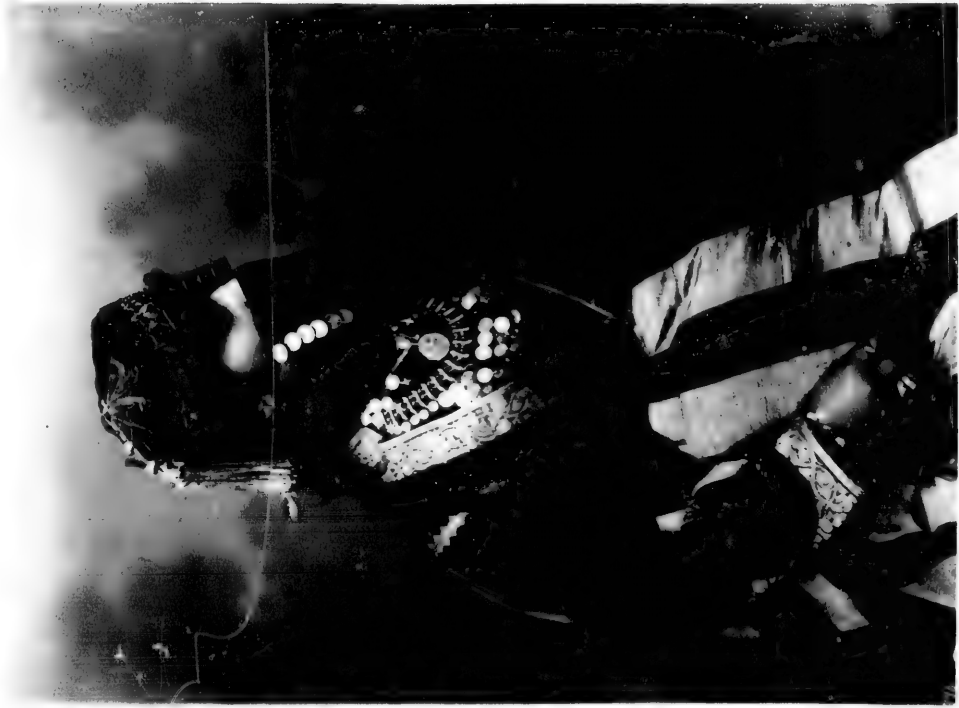
There in the desert, mounted on your swinging camel, or dreaming on the sands in your tent, you are entirely free from all these worries, and are alone alone in the midst of solitude and peace, quiet and rest.

The picture is too charming. No such happiness for me this time. No, I must take the railway to Ismailia, five hours distant, thence by steamer, four hours more, to Port Said; thence by Austrian Lloyd steamer, sailing every Saturday at 5 p.m., to Jaffa, ancient Joppa, the port of Jerusalem, in twelve hours; thence by horse, or one of Messrs Cook's land rammers, in eight hours more—together, including changes, forty hours, as against Moses and his forty years. Still, modern life and modern travelling.

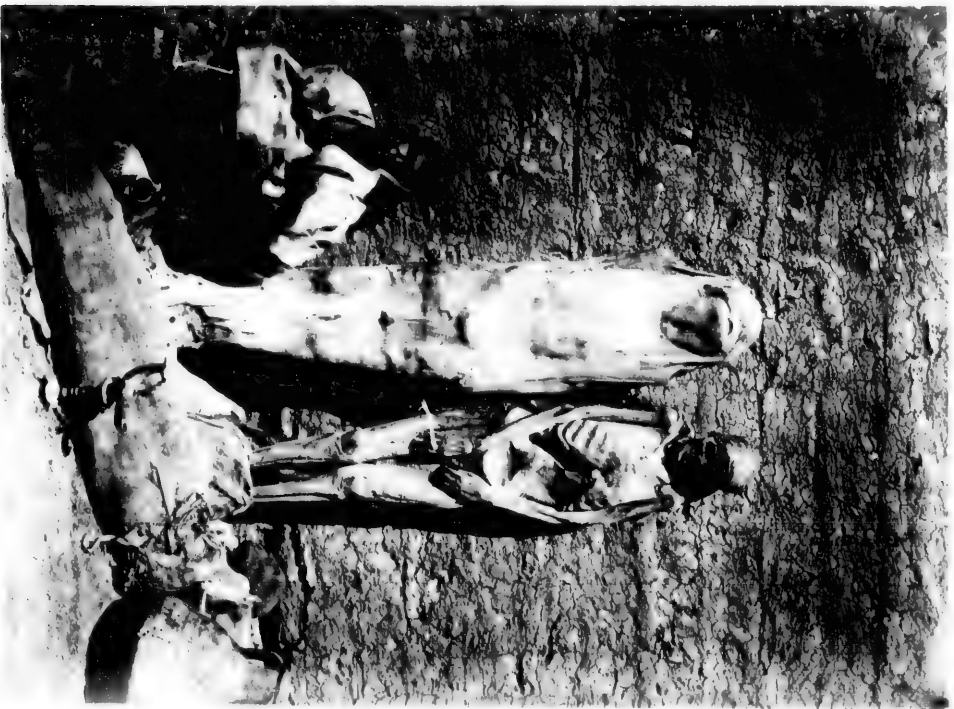
Little wonder that we occasionally long for the desert, or, "Oh! for a lodge in some vast wilderness."

Not only did the ancients move with more deliberation, but they also acted with more deliberate foresight and wisdom.

Witness the granaries of Egypt built by Joseph, still to be seen for a couple of piastres, where seven years of plenty were stored up against seven years of famine, foretold in a dream. "So there was corn in plenty in the land of Egypt for themselves and for strangers from afar."



J. Carroa Beauliy



Indians in the field

The same wise foresight, whether warned by a dream or not, impelled the Pharaohs to stuff their tombs with antiquities of every sort and kind, so that their descendants of the present day might have a never-failing supply to spoil the stranger with, who comes to spy out or sojourn in the land. These antiquities are as various in kind as they are infinite in number. Indeed, I think in design they are improving somewhat, enough to show that the old Pharaohs were not without some artistic taste. They consist of charms and amulets, cartouches, scarabaei, little chased ornaments, and graven idols, the lares and penates of the household and temple.

The wily Egyptian is always able and willing to prove to you that they are real and genuine and ancient, and has just been dug from the tombs of Sakkara.

The most wonderful part is the sagacity and most miraculous foresight of these ancient Pharaohs, in stuffing their tombs with such inexhaustible quantities, before they laid themselves away to rest. The trade in them now is the staple industry of Egypt.

Universities and colleges, high schools and natural museums, order them from here in large quantities. Tourists carry them away by boxesful, and have done so for years, but still the trade goes merrily on.

The spoil of the Egyptians is finding its way into every land, and yet the people and the country are no poorer for it. It is hinted that the Egyptian has a dark and silent partner at Birmingham, who will never permit his Egyptian brother to be run to earth for the want of an antiquity to please the stranger with. I do not know how it is, and therefore cannot say, but if the Egyptians were spoiled by the Israelites, I am sure they have learned a trick or two.

But where you are most importuned and badgered to buy their tiresome antiquities is at the pyramids of Ghizeh. Forty or fifty of these prowling Arabs infest this place, making their living by pulling tourists up to the top of the pyramids, and taking advantage of the occasion to offer to sell them relics when they are in rather dizzy and nervous situations. A dozen of them will lay hold of one person to pull him up, when two would be ample, and then claim half sheesh not only for themselves, but for the whole forty other thieves at the bottom.

They will offer to run to the top of the biggest pyramid, that of Cheops, 460 feet high, and down again in five minutes, for the sum of two francs, or will also include running to the second pyramid, Cephrenes—about 200 yards away—and up to the top of that 380 feet and down again to place of starting for three francs, and all *inside of one minute*. It looks very dangerous to do it so quickly as that, but don't accept his offer. Give up the unholy thought. He will do

it without breaking his neck, and you will only have lost your money; but what any sane man could want to climb to the top himself for, when he can hire an Arab to do it for him—both pyramids for three francs—is what I cannot understand. It is one of those things of which Dundreary used to say, "that no fellow could understand,"—toiling up in the blazing sun, as scores are doing daily, to some occult Mecca at the top, 460 feet from earth, tugged at and pulled about by a dozen dirty and sweating Arabs. All for what? Why! in order to boast afterwards that you have been there. Sheridan's advice to his son about going down into a coal mine was wiser, "Say that you have been there, and don't go," said he.

For my part I like better to stay at the bottom, fighting flies and being importuned to buy antiquities, than to climb up that stupid pyramid. In all that heat it is quite fatiguing enough, both to body and mind, to sit at the bottom and see others climbing to Glory for the sake of Excelsior.

But we are on the way to Jerusalem now, and ought to leave off indulging in dreams of Cairo, so I will again say "good-bye" to its memories, but yet not "good-bye"—"au revoir." I certainly shall come back to it next winter (D V), and revisit its pleasant scenes.

The land of Princess Schehezerade and the Arabian Night's Entertainment! The land of imagination and flowers! The Land that speaks mutely—and yet so eloquently—through its passionless monuments, of a civilization once great, and powerful, and poetic, now passed away forever!

The Sphinxes, statues, and monuments which that profound civilization has left behind it have all that calm, expectant look—half wistful, half regretful—as if they were waiting, in confident expectancy, to hear the returning footfalls of those who once thronged their precincts. Ah! could these stones but speak and tell their tales, what would we not give to hear! They seem at times almost struggling to speak, like the Statue of Galatea under the hands of Pygmalion.

Yes! I fancy at times that they seem as if they were about to speak, and tell of the men of fertile brains and busy hands now forever gone—and the times, and the deeds of their days, with whose works the country teems, and then they relapse again into that calm and settled look of over and beyond after the departing footfalls of the race that formed them and cruelly left them behind. Poor statue! It is useless! Nature will always forbid you to impart to us the history of your days. The things you seem so desirous to impart can never be told; and you may only look, unutterably but mutely eloquent, the thoughts of your mind.



Climbing the Pyramid of Cheops.



Port Said, and Entrance to the Suez Canal.

The calm and quiet look in the face of the mummies, too, expresses the thoughts of men who have lived their lives not unworthily, and at last have laid themselves away in their silent tombs in the perfect faith of a resurrection. Their care to hide away their bodies so securely in the interior of some vast pyramid—where the existence even of their tomb cannot be suspected—without a sign or trace to show where it was placed, marks not only the natural desire of man that his remains should not be disturbed after his death, but gives unmistakable evidence of their belief in a resurrection even at this early age, long before it was taught by Christ and His disciples, and proved by the resurrection of Christ Himself.

But this is a digression, and we must hasten on our way to JERUSALEM. Before doing so, however, let me add one little word more in conclusion, as long-winded parsons often say to their long-suffering congregations towards the end of a long spun-out sermon on a long summer Sunday in August. And that little word is—The faith that is in the minds of a people regarding the resurrection of the body is almost everywhere shown by their mode of burying their dead.

Mohammedan burial-places are the most dreary spots imaginable. Thrown out upon the edge of the desert, as cast-off clothes of the soul, without tree, shrub, or flower to adorn the place of burial, or even a bit of grass. Low, flat tombs of rough masonry built over the grave, without an ornament of any description, as a tribute of affection, nor any inscription to denote immortality, nor marks of having been revisited after the hurried burial of the remains of one probably deeply loved in life, but hid away and buried like the infected cast-off clothes of the dead leper.

Such is the effect of the religion of the Sadducee imported into Islamism. As regarding the resurrection of the body, the followers of the Prophet do believe in the immortality of the soul in a heaven of sensual delights.

It is a strange religion, based on the teachings of Moses and the faith of Abraham—whom they reverence as an ancestor—and the teachings of Christ, which are largely embodied in the Koran; and this strange mixture, it cannot be denied, has a strong hold on the religious feelings of its followers.

It is powerful in its influence over their hearts and lives, and is strongly manifest in their devotions and religious observances, and is vigorous and aggressive in its essence and being, and is gaining ground everywhere, especially in the East, and in the Soudan, whose loss to Egypt lately is as largely due to that cause, and hatred of Christian ascendancy, as to misgovernment by the Khedive, to which Sir Evelyn Baring ascribes it.

Who can say the Madhi was not as fervid and devoted to the cause of true religion, as he understood it, as General Gordon was? Both, perhaps, a little fanatical, but the religious feeling which followed and supported the one, aided by the Dervishes, has become successful, while the other miserably perished, because of the want of strong religious feeling in our Christian lands, because the Dervishes of England delayed giving their support, while the statesmen and politicians of England remained inactive, because unstimulated by our Christian Dervishes, and were slow to make up their minds, until it was too late. So Gordon perished, and Islamism gained another victory over Christianity. Another Richard Cour de Lion was wanted, and we had, instead, only a Gladstone bag, with nothing in it.

But we really must digress no more, but hurry on up to Jerusalem. I am not going to take you there by a single jump, you must go over the road all the way with me. Every one speaks of its being so dull, with nothing to see all the way but stones and the bare mountains of Judah; but to me it was everywhere interesting. Landing from the steamer at Jaffa is as primitive and difficult as it was in the days when Jonah sailed from its harbor on his historical whaling expedition, owing to low outlying reefs and rocks. Vessels can only lie out at sea, and passengers are embarked or disembarked in large boats, propelled by from four to eight strong Arabs, through narrow, dangerous-looking openings in the reef, with the surf breaking strongly upon them, through into the still water beyond, and so on up to the wharf, where you are at once attacked by a half hundred wild-looking Arabs anxious to carry your luggage to the hotel. These embarkments are often attended with some risk, especially when the sea is at all rough. When it is too rough, in the opinion of the captain, to risk it, passengers are carried to Beyrouth.

From the wharf we pass through narrow crowded streets, filled with booths of all trades and professions, busy at work jostled by donkeys and their riders, and loaded camels, you pick your way, followed by a string of Arabs, each carrying something for you up to the Jerusalem Hotel, kept by a Mr. Hardegg, a German.

Most of our fellow-passengers only stop for luncheon, or at most take an hour to see the reputed house of Simon the tanner, and then pass on in Cook's heathenish old traps, called by compliment "landaas," packed like herrings in a tub, at two pounds a place, bound for JERUSALEM.

I preferred to wait till the other score or more of pilgrim passengers had gone, stay at Jaffa over night, and taking an early start, go through the forty miles to Jerusalem in one day, instead of breaking the trip by staying over night at Ramleh.



Jaffa (Ancient Joppa) from the Sea.



Bazaar of Jaffa,

My host Hardegg, promised, as a reward for my staying with him over night, to have a comfortable landau on springs with three horses and a driver all to myself, "en grande prince," ready at the door at 7 a.m., and all for the sum of forty francs through to Jerusalem by daylight. With such a tempting offer I could not but close, and at 7 o'clock sharp the next morning after coffee, I descended to my chariot.

The first view of it, like the first view of Jerusalem, was rather disappointing.

The three horses were there, certainly. You cannot call them anything but horses. They were much higher in bone than in flesh, but my host Hardegg assured me that they had some very good points. I think they had. I know you could hang your hat on some of them.

The landau I will not attempt to draw. It drew me and that was enough. It occurred to me on the road that it was a carriage that had been left behind by Noah as not being worth taking along, and had been patched up again by some of his descendants with string and rope and wire, and strapped tightly together and set to work on the road from Jaffa to Jerusalem. I asked the driver if that was not the case, but he said he did not know. There was no use hesitating, the luggage was tied on. Everything was ready and waiting. A glance around showed nobody was looking, in fact nobody here knows me, so, with a silent prayer that it would hold together for the day, I stepped in.

Crack went the whip, and louder, louder, went the driver's tongue.

"Make way! Make way! Make way there! To the right, to the left, take care," and away we went.

The old carriage swayed to the right and left, groaning and creaking through the narrow street. Pigs and children, donkeys and fowls, flew to the right and to the left out of our distracted way, while we rolled out of the town on to the pleasant plain of Sharon.

Oh! The roses of Sharon, how delightful they were, as they blew their delightful fragrance on the way that fine morning.

On leaving Jaffa, you pass for some distance through the finest gardens in the world. No idea of an Oriental garden can be formed until these are seen.

Orange trees standing so thickly as to be almost impenetrable, loaded down to the ground with yellow oranges, the finest I had ever seen, Indian River Florida oranges not excepted. They are oblong in shape and very sweet. I have

never seen them in England! The trees were in full bloom at the same time, and loaded the morning air with perfume of Arabia the First.

Fig trees with fruit half grown were mixed with rose trees in full bloom, of all kinds and colors, with roses as large, some of them, as saucers; pomegranate trees, and huge masses of flowers of gorgeous size and hue; acacias and almonds grouped and terraced together, till the effect was one of surprising beauty. As I went on I passed on the one hand, fields of waving grain, barley and wheat, almost ready for the harvest, and on the other, men and oxen plowing and putting in seed for another crop. In this glorious fertile plain, nature gives two harvests a year. They sow in autumn to reap in the spring, and sow in the spring to reap in the autumn, so it is a common occurrence to see reaping and sowing going on at the same time. Nature is so bountiful that you have only to tickle her with a hoe, and she will almost at once laugh forth a harvest.

Such hoes and plows and other farming appliances as they use would disgust any other goddess of Ceres. But here you have only to stir the soil a little with one of their wooden crotched sticks used as a plow, with a bit of cane fastened to the top, funnel-shaped, through which the seed runs to the ground while ploughing, and when all the ground is thus gone over, catch the first passing Arab and stick him in a corner for a scare-crow, and nature will do the rest.

It is very interesting to watch passing forms of life, streaming along the highway into Jaffa this early pleasant morning, following their various avocations and pursuits.

First come the women. *Les gens la femme!* but these are peasant women fellaheen. Walking swiftly, silently, straightly along, each one bearing on her head a basket-tray or panier, loaded with earthen vessels of sweet milk, sour milk curds, butter and eggs, and what-not for the Jaffa market, where I have seen them sitting beside their loads sometimes for a whole day before all is sold.

Straight as an arrow they march swiftly along; clad in one simple blue, cotton gown; bare-footed, with face uncovered, gazing steadily before them, in balancing the heavy loads they carry on their heads, protected by a small mat, only giving it now and then a slight touch with their hands, in passing over a rough or difficult part of the road. It is surprising the loads they will carry on their heads thus. I met in one place about a score or more of women water-carriers, carrying on their heads large earthen firkins, containing, I should say, about ten gallons each, a load for a donkey. The effect was curious, as they appeared coming towards me, walking so swiftly and straightly under their towering urns, at least three

feet above their heads, full of water, and only now and then would one of them put up her hand gently and caressingly to steady the load above her head.

In striking contrast to all this were the men stringing along the road to town and market, but they are always seated on donkeys. Each donkey was loaded on either side with panniers containing clover, peas, and vegetables for the market and a multitude of other things, but always top of all was, sitting lazily, the man, riding and guiding the donkey. Such is woman's life and position wherever Christianity has not full sway.

Then come strings upon strings of those mysterious-looking animals, seeming to belong to a past age, and poetically called "ships of the desert," but known to the boys at the circus as the "camels."

There is not a railway in Palestine, though a firman from the Sultan for one from Jaffa to Jerusalem was granted to a French syndicate some twenty years ago, but nothing has ever been done upon it. It needs some good railway promoter and bonus-hunters from Canada to get hold of it, and make a good thing for themselves.

It is surprising to see the amount of goods and merchandise passing between Jerusalem and its port of Jaffa. All this business is done on camels and donkeys, principally by camels. You will meet them the whole day long in ever-recurring strings, a score or more together, loaded with lumber, merchandise, and provisions of every description.

To me there is something strange, mysterious, and old-world like, about a camel, as he comes slowly and majestically swinging along, with slow and measured tread, never hurrying, never to be hurried; his long neck stretched out horizontally before him, his under lip trembling with unconcealed contempt at the undignified haste of new world people and new world habits. He seems to say, as he strides dignifiedly along:

"Clear the way! Clear the way there, ye little people of later times! I am of the old world, where people never hurried, where there was never haste, where they were always calm, dignified, and great! I belong to that old world! I never hurry! Clear the way, ye little men and little things of later and lesser days!"—and its lower lip continues to quiver with contempt; "I belong to the old-time civilization to the statues, and the obelisks, and the pyramids; left behind, like them, to show you little people what a gorgeous civilization lived then—magnificent and great, that you are but the pigmy successors of. Clear the way!!!"

Poor camel. Doomed still to bear the burdens and suffer the blows of the pygmy race whom it despises. It is unable to bear them with the dignity and calm repose that sits so well on its inanimate contemporaries, of statue and obelisk and

sphinx, but emits peevish cries of rage when compelled to kneel or rise, or when its burden is touched. In this, perhaps, he is partly human.

As we pass on, many a pretty scene of fellahcen -attending sheep, goats, or cattle in the fields of Philistia -passed before our eyes, clothed in the old time garb of the country. That is to say, nothing at all to the knees, but an old pair of sandals, then a coarse cotton shirt of doubtful color, and a sheepskin jacket, with the woolly side in, over all; reminding one of the old song of the famous

"Brian O'Lynn who had no breeches to wear,
So he bought him a sheepskin to make him a pair.
With the skinny side out and the woolly side in,
'They are cool and conveynient,' said Brian O'Lynn."

But are those really the mountains of Judea across the plains in the distance? Yes, and here is Ramleh, three hours from Jaffa, and there is the watch-tower thereof.

Here we rest our horses and feed them a bit, for the next stage on to Bab el Weit is more mountainous and difficult. In the meantime we will visit the old watch-tower. It is not ancient, and probably dates from the times of the crusaders, and was built as a campanile of the Christian church, which latter has been destroyed by the Moslems, but the tower preserved by them as a minaret. It is about a hundred feet high, and the top is surrounded by a balcony. The view from the top is unexpressibly lovely and grand. The whole plain of Sharon from the mountains of Judea and Samaria to the sea, and from the foot of Carmel to the sandy desert of Philistia, lies spread out in panoramic view.

What a Paradise was here when Solomon reigned in Jerusalem and sang of the rose of Sharon.

Lovely Sharon, "good-bye," our hour is spent and we must be moving on. As we proceed on our way the scene changes, and we begin to climb the foot-hills of the mountains of Judea. We also begin to enter upon the theatre of many a Biblical event.

Then to the left lies the wady or valley of Ibb Morcin, and on the right side Yalo, the modern representative of that Anon, over which Joshua commanded the moon to stand still on that memorable day, when his victorious army pursued



Beyrouth



Scene on the Road from Joppa to Jerusalem.

and routed the hosts of the five Kings. To the north lies the mountain of Gileon, over which the sun performed a like office for this favored people. South of us, but out of our route, lies Gaza, the city of the Philistines, and the scene of Samson's greatest exploits and miserable death in the midst of his grandest effort. It is now a city of twenty thousand or more of population, and next in size and importance to Jerusalem in all Palestine, and is mentioned in Genesis, as well as Gerar, a few miles to the westward of it, where Isaac dwelt so long, watered by the Wady el Sheriah, and so exceedingly fertile was it that Isaac became a great and powerful Avener, rich in flocks, herds, and servants, so that Abimelech thought it necessary to make a compact with him.

Zorah, the birth-place of Samson, still exists, nestling in the hills above, and from which Samson descended: Timnath -it, too, still existing on the plain. In coming down from there he met and slew the lion—to find on his return that a swarm of bees had taken possession of the carcass and were making honey therein. Poor Samson! That his wife, a weak and wicked woman—should conspire with her countrymen to tease him out of his riddle! His end, too, so sad, and yet so grand in its vengeance—but who was so fortunate as to have Milton for his poet, who thus sung of him:

“To grind in brazen fetters, under task,
 Eyeless, in Gaza, at the mill with slaves;
 Oh! change beyond report, thought, or belief
 * * * * * Can this be he,
 Who tore the lion as the lion tears a kid?
 Rose on embattled armies clad in iron,
 In scorn of their proud arms and warlike tools,
 Spurned them to death in troops?
 * * * * *
 Then by main force pulled up and on his shoulders bore
 The gates of Gaza, post and massy bar,
 Up the hill of Hebron, seat of giants old

Here, too, is the neighborhood where David began his illustrious career by slaying Goliath of Gath. This wady has been identified as the Elah of 1st Samuel, by which Saul encamped near Timnath, and only about six miles off our present route. In this valley it was that the Philistines encamped on the other side opposite Saul. That the champion

at the unarmoured used to come every day and defy the armies of the living God. His height was nearly ten feet ; his proportions enormous, covered with a shining coat of mail, weighing five thousand shekels ; a helmet of brass on his head, a target of brass between his shoulders, holding a staff like a weaver's beam, "and all the men of Israel when they saw the man, fled from him and were sore afraid. Forty days did this terrible giant come into the valley, morning and evening, and cried with impious insolence, "Give me a man that we may fight together."

The youthful David, sent with parched corn and loaves to his brothers by their father, hears, and asks the cause of the tumult, and his soul on fire offers to fight the champion. He is brought before Saul who said unto him, "Thou art not able to go against this Philistine to fight with him, for thou art but a youth." David modestly replied that he had killed a lion and a bear with his empty hand, "and the Lord who delivered me out of the paws of the lion and the bear, will deliver me out of the hands of this Philistine."

Declining armour and helmet, coat of mail and sword, he took merely his shepherd's staff and sling, with which he had so often practised while tending his father's flocks on the mountains, he came down into the wady, put five stones into his scribe and went on boldly to meet the giant. One of these he fixed in the sling, and hurling it with all his force, and with unerring aim, it struck the giant full in the forehead, deep into his brain. He staggers convulsively, and falls with a mighty clangor prone to earth. David is upon him in a moment, and with his own great sword, strikes off his head, which he bears back to Saul in triumph. Such is the Bible history, and such were the tales told us often in our infancy and childhood, at the knee of mother or grandmother, at night before going to bed when the fire was flickering and burning, low in the large old chimney, and how we begged for but one more Bible story before being sent to our chamber above.

How often have we heard the tale of Joseph being sold into slavery in Egypt by his cruel brethren? I well remember a rough wood cut picture, which hung in my room when a child, of little Joseph standing tearfully by, in his one, short garment of blue, the open pit close by that he had just been pulled out of by his brethren, to sell to the Ishmaelite merchants who, in long, red gowns, were counting out the pieces of money to the cruel and wicked-looking brethren, who, in their short garments of brown camel's hair, their staves in their hands planted on the ground, and their fierce, black beards, and keen, wicked looking eyes, were earnestly scanning the pieces of money that were being counted out to them, while the camels and donkeys of the Ishmaelites looked on quietly and unconcerned, as if it were one of the every-day occurrences of their lives.

I shall never forget the picture, or the story, as it was told to me then, nor the exultation I felt as the story went on, and the wicked brethren were at last "come up with." I knew Joseph would not hurt them a bit, but only scare them well, and serve them right, too.

How many of these Bible stories were interwoven into our young lives, until they became the very web and woof of our existence, and left their impressions on our minds through manhood, till we come to see, as we do now, the very places themselves where these things occurred? We cannot be otherwise than excited and enthusiastic over them.

The country is so circumscribed, and the theatre of all these events so small, that our eyes can range over them now as our mind's eye formerly did, but we are drawing near to Babel-Wert now, and three hours or more of our journey has passed away in these recollections, and here we and our beasts are to dine, and yet little is to be had at the one wayside inn but coffee, and had enough at that, but I make my luncheon out of the provisions which mine host Hardegg had kindly put up at Jaffa. There is nothing to see here. We are now in the heart of the mountains that surround Jerusalem and the worst part of the journey is yet to be done.

Two hours rest, and then we go on higher still, through the stony, featureless mountains rising all round us, peak upon peak, rough and rocky, and devoid of all vegetation.

Down there, to the left, lies the Kinath Jeann, where the ark rested, and now the driver tells me that when we have mounted that next peak, we shall see JERUSALEM!!!

What a host of undefinable feelings the word inspires; what disappointment and soreness at heart the first sight produces, as you approach it by the Jaffa gate.

There is absolutely nothing to see, approaching it in this direction.

First, straggling, mean-looking houses. There, a Russian convent of the Greek religion. Farther on, the grounds and buildings of a Russian colony. Here, a Jew or a Christian school. The houses begin to stand more thickly together. The narrow streets become more thickly crowded with the Greek monks in their gowns and peculiar high, black hats. Jews, with pallid, weak faces, and ridiculous ringlets hanging down, one on each side of their faces, clad in long, dark dressing gowns, tied about the waist with a cord, and low, black, soft, round, felt hats on their heads—altogether ugly. Latin monks and priests looking much as everywhere else. Assyrians, Armenians. Russian and German peasants, for the colonies of both are situated outside the walls.

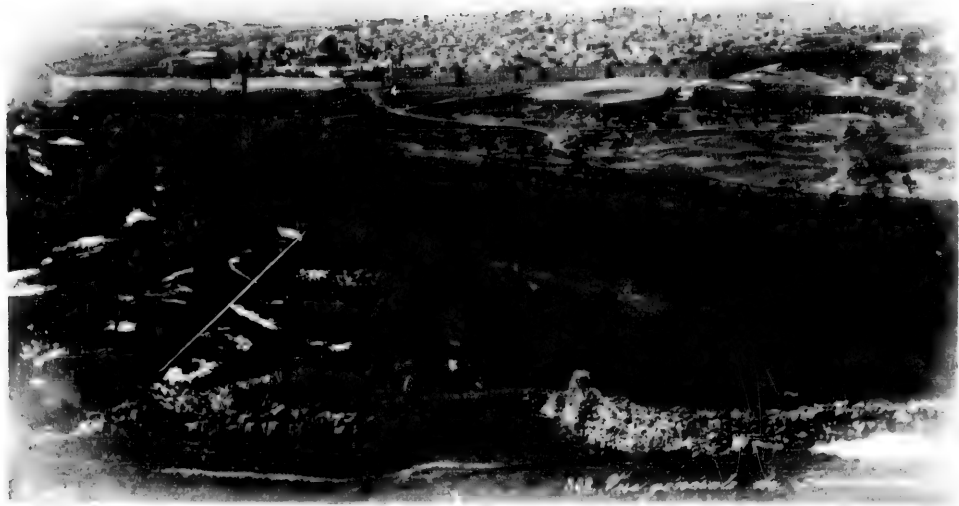
This mixed and mongrel multitude fills the highway till you arrive at the Jaffa gate, for Jerusalem is a walled city, and you can no farther go, except afoot. A dozen or more dirty Arabs fight for the possession of your luggage, while a feeling of desperate chagrin and soreness is tugging at your heart as you drive them all away but two, that you surrender yourself and traps to, and are conducted through a babel of sounds and sights to your hotel within the walls—the Hotel Méditerranée, kept by a Greek. There are but two others, and they are without the walls, near the Jaffa gate.

One is the Jerusalem Hotel, which claims to be clean, kept by some Jews, and the other is Howard's Hotel, kept by a Syrian. There is but little choice in them, and from what I could gather from several travellers, I imagine that if you stopped at either of the three, you will wish you had stopped at one of the others.

No horses, donkeys, mules, or camels, or any wheeled vehicle of any kind, are allowed within the walls. The streets are so narrow that they cannot pass through them, more especially past each other, while uncleanness and dirt, squalidness and superstition, reign everywhere within the walls of Zion. I have been here a week, trying to get a better impression of it, so that I might speak more favorably. I have purposely kept you at Jaffa and on the road here, while I have been studying it assiduously. I have hesitated to approach the subject, for two reasons: One being, I wanted more time to judge, and the other, that it is a delicate subject to approach with nose uncovered. I must reserve it for another letter all by itself, and will close this in the language of one of its prophets: "Woe unto thee, O Jerusalem. Wilt thou not be made clean? When shall it once be?"



Jerusalem from the true Golgotha.



Jerusalem from the South
TAKEN FROM NEAR ORTHANS

JERUSALEM, April 22nd, 1888

"Thy Holy Cities are a wilderness. Zion is a wilderness. Jerusalem is a desert.

How all these old prophecies are fulfilled to the letter. Jerusalem, perhaps, like vice, "to be hated is to be seen," but seen too oft one comes to pity, then love, then embrace. It may be that when its sights and sounds and smells are so familiar, contrary to the proverb they breed less contempt, but whatever it may lack in the second cardinal virtue of cleanliness, is made up in godliness, in its way. It is of all cities the most religious in the world according to its lights, and is well termed the Holy City. To begin with, we have here three Sabbaths a week, fortunately consecutive.

The Mohammedan Sabbath is held on Friday, and is very well observed by them, by the reading of the Koran in the Mosques, preaching in Arabic by the Moolahs, prayers in the high minaret by the sweet-voiced Muezzin, at the sound of which the people fall down and pray. Five times a day are all good Mussulmans required to pray.

Saturday is the Sabbath of the Jews, which begins at sunset on Friday, when they gather in numbers at the walled places to go through their heart-rending cries, tears and lamentations, poured into the crevices of the few large stones that stand in their original places, and formed part of the wall of Solomon's Temple. Services in the synagogues begin at sunset, Friday, and continue till sunset, Saturday. Both they and the Mohammedans are very quiet, orderly and reverent in their religious services, and in strange contrast with that of the Christians.

Everybody is tolerably familiar with the Jewish faith and habits, and way of speaking and doing all over the globe, but the Jews of Palestine differ from any and all others, at once the meanest, most spiritless and most abject of their race. The poorest and worst of their class seem to inhabit Palestine. Pallid, effeminate in body, face perfectly void of character or expression, manners greedy and cringing; they inspire only contempt. It is remarkable this great difference between them and their brethren in foreign countries, and is the subject of much notice. There are two leading bodies of them, Sephardim, who are Spanish and Portuguese, and the Askhenazim, those who have emigrated from Poland, Russia, Austria and Germany. These two great bodies are divided again into Peroshin, or Pharisees, and the Shammaitin. While the Mohammedans and Jews are united, and homogeneous without division or schism, the Christians are divided and sub-divided into so many sects, denominations and communities, that it is almost impossible to enumerate and classify them. They may be divided primarily in the following strength and order:

The Greek Church, of which the Russians are the principal supporters, and the Greeks themselves in a much smaller proportion ; the Latin Church - Roman Catholic ; the Armenian Church, favoring the Latin in some respects ; the Abyssinian Church ; the Syrian Church ; the Arabian Church, and the Nubian Chapel.

Then comes the Protestant, headed by the Church of England, with a fine church on Mount Zion called Christ Church, whose rector is the Rev. Dr. Kelk. There is also resident the Right Rev. Dr. Blythe, Archbishop of Jerusalem. The diocese was founded in 1841, by England and Prussia, which countries were alternately to appoint a bishop whose diocese takes in Nazareth, Nablous, Bethlehem, Damascus, Beyrouth, and Alexandria. I believe that the Emperor William refused to continue the convention and, withdrawing from the arrangement, endowed a Lutheran church which is well supported, owing to the fact that there are resident here a large and thriving German colony. It is a surprising fact the number of Germans and German colonies that are to be found in Palestine. They are only outnumbered by the Russians, who are making great efforts for domination and ascendancy in Palestine, and especially at Jerusalem ; as the strongest and mightiest, if not the oldest son of the Greek church, they are building up her influence and at the same time forwarding their own political views towards Turkey and Constantinople by fostering religious sentiment towards the Holy City of Jerusalem ; by promoting large and enthusiastic pilgrimages to the holy places of Palestine and Jerusalem, and to wash in the Jordan ; by founding permanent colonies here and supporting poor people who have emigrated to them ; by founding convents, colleges and schools, while every foot of land offered for sale is quickly bought up with Russian money and devoted to some Russian or Greek church object. Upon the site of Mount Olivet, near to Gethsemane, now nearly finished, a grand memorial church to the memory of the late Czar is being erected. All this is being done by the religious subjects and the Government of Holy Russia, with a view to make of Jerusalem to Russia, and to the Greek Church, what Rome is to the Latin Church over all the world.

The two religions will then be, the Greek Church situated at Jerusalem, and the Latin Church situated at Rome.

The Government of Russia finds its reward in the support of the Church, and the religious support of its own subjects in its designs on Constantinople.

In addition to the English and Lutheran Churches, there is also a band of deluded Second Adventists, who came here some years ago from the State of Maine, and have been waiting ever since for the Second Coming of Christ.

"There are so many kinds and varieties of these Christians," said the poor old Turkish Governor, Ra'ut Pacha, to the American Consul here not long ago, "there are so many different kinds of them, that it is impossible for me to please them all." So all the poor old Governor can do is to keep a strong guard of military at the different holy places to keep them from coming into collision with each other, and fighting and rioting when carrying on their different forms of worship at the same times and at the same places. At the Mosques and synagogues, no guards are necessary, for there are no divisions among the Moslems nor among the Jews, and therefore no religious collisions or differences. So much for the religious character of the place.

Politically, it is a Pashalic now, though formerly part of the Villayet of Syria, and subject to the Governor of Beyrouth. For twelve years past it has had a Governor of its own, whose jurisdiction extends over all the Southern part of Palestine including Gaza and Ramleh. The Governor is a kind, fair, well-meaning man, anxious to please the Europeans and their consuls, whom he advises with largely, and who form as it were, an advisory council for him.

The American Consul here, Mr. Gilman, of Detroit, tells me that a singular exemption or privilege exists here, and is through the Ottoman empire for Americans. No American is subject to the jurisdiction of the Ottoman Courts, and cannot be arrested nor tried for any offence, or debt, or liability, except by his own consul. He cannot be cited before the Cadi or Governor, or any other Ottoman tribunal, but only before his own consul, and tried by him, whose judgment is final. He said this concession was got in a convention made some years ago between the United States and Turkey, and was rather hastily and carelessly granted by the Porte, because of there being no jealousies or questions of any kind between the two countries. This privilege does not exist for any other foreigners.

The population of Jerusalem is about forty thousand. About one-third are Jews, another third Moslem and Arab, and the rest of all the nations of the globe.

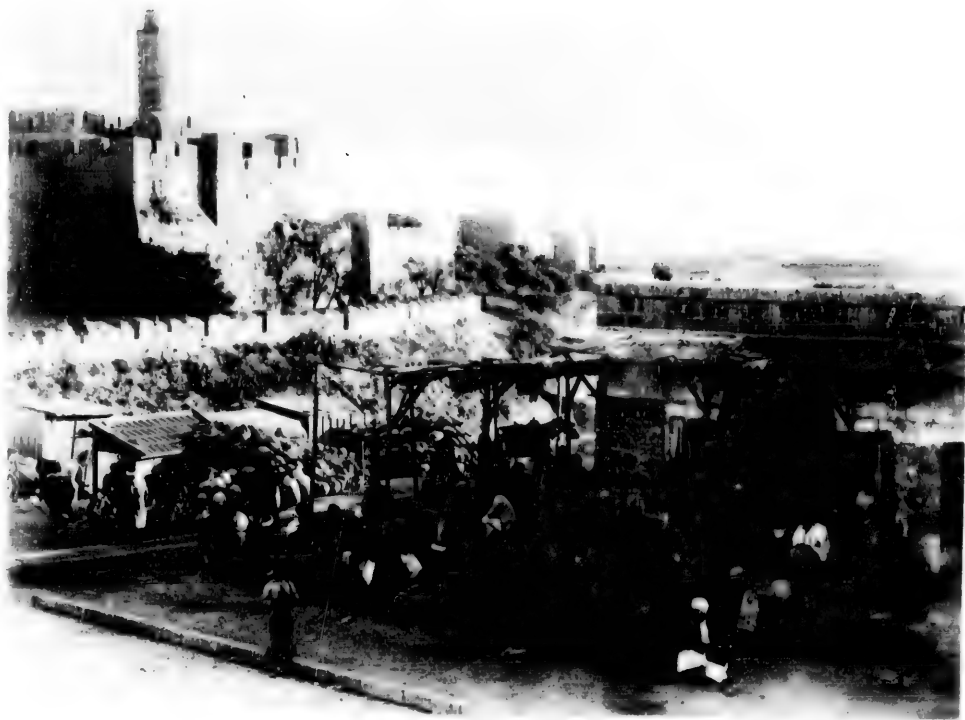
The American Consul, who has studied the subject, tells me he has identified thirty-two different varieties of nationality and race, rather more than the number of religions. There is in support of this statement a memorial chapel on Mount Olivet, near the supposed place of the ascension, erected by a French Roman Catholic lady, now deceased, whose walls are covered by the Lord's prayer in thirty-two different languages.

Jerusalem is a natural fortification. A second Gibraltar on three of its sides. The fourth, the North side, by which one enters it from Jaffa, is flat and even, and offers no view of the City on approaching it from that direction. But

ren from the east, from Mt Scopus, and Mt Olivet, with the valley of Jehoshaphat and the valley of the brook Kedron intervening, the appearance is grand, rugged and bold. The view approaching from Bethany or the south over the Mt of Offence, is charming and picturesque, though rugged and severe. A tolerably good view of it may be had also from the west or south-west from the Mount of Evil Counsel, with the valley of Hinnom intervening. This valley with its huge overhanging rocks, honey-combed with Jewish tombs, is also called Aceldama and Tophet, and is full of dead men's bones, and is a picture of misery and desolation. It was there that an altar was erected to Baal, and the brazen figure of Moloch was made, through whose hot hands children were made to pass, while their shrieks were drowned by the noise of music, and the shouts of frenzied worshippers. Here the dead carcasses of beasts were thrown, and offal, and left to be devoured by the worm or the unclean beast. From this place, and these abominations, is evolved the words Gehenna, Hades and Hell.

It will be seen that Jerusalem is built on a high tongue of land, or promontory ridge, with bold abrupt sides on the east, south and west, while the base of the tongue, or the north end, is unprotected by nature, and has but a thin wall for defence. The valley of Jehoshaphat on its eastern side is full of Jewish and Moslem tombs, not the valley itself but up both slopes of the wall to the city on one side and nearly to the top of the range of hills called respectively, Mount Scopus, Mount of Olives, and Mount of Offence on the other. There they lie in tens of thousands, the dead of forty centuries, waiting in firm faith the last day of judgment, when all the world shall be judged in this valley of Jehoshaphat to be judged. The Mahommedans will show you the projecting pillar from the Mount of Offence, now closed, upon which pillar Mahomet shall sit on the last day, while Christ shall sit upon the summit of Mt Olivet, directly opposite, and between them they shall judge the world in this wise: a bar will be stretched from the one to the other over the Valley of Jehoshaphat, and all who can safely pass across upon this hair-breadth directly into Heaven, and all who are unable to pass over shall fall into this dreadful abyss among the rocks and bones a thousand feet below. Perhaps it is for this cause that Mahomet forbade wine to all his followers.

From the valley of Jehoshaphat continues, with the brook Kedron running through it, down under the east walls to join the valley of Hinnom, which latter valley follows the west walls and forms the boundary of it on the west. The streets of Jerusalem are narrow, ill paved with cobblestones, so narrow that donkeys and other animals are allowed within the walls. The houses are built of that cheerless gray stone, and wood being scarce the roofs are vaulted or domed with stone, which gives it that cold monastic look peculiar to Eastern cities. There is not a garden, square, tree or fountain in the whole town, or open place except the temple area, upon which is erected the



Bazaar outside Jerusalem, Tower of David and Walls thereof.



Interior of Street Life in Jerusalem.

Mosque of Omar, built by Caliph Omar in 641, when Jerusalem was wrested from the Christians by the Saracens. The temple area, the site of Solomon's temple, on Mount Moriah opposite the hill of Zion, is considered holy ground by the Moslems, and while Mussulmen may enter freely, Christians and foreigners are not allowed to set foot within its precinct unless accompanied by a "cavass" or armed guard, with a permit from your consul. I ventured to pass into the sacred enclosure this morning but was quickly ordered out with scowls and threats for presuming to enter where only Mussulmen are permitted to tread, except by special pass and with an armed representative of authority.

Jerusalem has no waterworks of any sort excepting the old-time cisterns with which every house and building of every kind is provided to store up the early and late rains for use. It does not taste bad when filtered.

There has been a great drought for some time past. The early rains have been slight, and the late rains wanting altogether. The cisterns, like everything here, always out of order, were beginning to run dry, and a water famine threatened the town and country both. People began to move away. Tourist expeditions through the Holy Land were being abandoned, and if the season of the late rains were to pass away without the usual supply, great damage would result. At this juncture all the Christian Churches began loudly, lustily, and with one accord to pray for rain, the only thing they had been known to agree upon for a long time past. Whether owing to their cries and intercessions, or to the fact that the wind changed to a more favorable quarter, it came on to rain as I have never seen it rain before, not in bucketfuls only, but by hog-heads, in driving waves, with tearing gusts of wind and sheets of water and hail. The elevation of Jerusalem is so great, being nearly three thousand feet above the sea, in a wild, rocky, desolate region, that the element seem at liberty to work their will and pleasure.

The clouds were not above us pouring rain, but about us and around us, driving through the narrow streets, like phalanxes of cavalry, charging and recharging each other like mighty opposing hosts. During a temporary lull in which they rested and recovered strength, I hurried out to church, to find the streets in many places covered with hail, lying in drifts against the wall, in places half a foot deep.

There were not many worshippers that morning. The cold was so unusual and the people so unprepared for it, that it was vastly amusing to watch the few who ventured out.

Above the gay silk shirt and baggy white cotton trousers the better class usually wear, they had mounted cloaks of every known form and shape many edged with fur from the time of Herod the Great down, some that had probably been

ent behind by the Crusaders, and perhaps some even of a later date. These, with the colored turban and gay sashes tied about the waist, and red, pointed slippers, gave them quite the air and appearance of strolling magicians or fortune-tellers out of luck.

The Jews, in the everlasting long, striped dressing gown they always appear in, and low, soft, black hats and long coverlets beside their faces, were entirely absent from the streets, and so were the Moslem women with the never-fading white cotton sheets wrapped about their forms, and thick tinted veils that covered their faces. It was Sabbath for neither of them, so they stayed at home and pitied the poor Christians, perhaps, who were having such a bad one.

I say Jews adversely, for I believe there really are no Israelites here. The difference between them being, as I am told, that the poor Hebrew is a Jew, while the rich and prosperous one is an Israelite, but whether with, or without guilt, they all have a real or assumed look of arch cunning and astuteness, so much so as to appear at times silly and contented.

Jerusalem is one of the oldest and most unfortunate cities in the world, owing to the stubborn wilfulness, and want of tact and moral courage of its inhabitants. It has been oftener captured, attacked, and razed to the ground, and even its inhabitants carried away, than any other city in the world. It must be remembered that the Jerusalem of to-day is built upon a heap of buried cities. One city literally lies heaped upon another, for Jerusalem stood no fewer than twenty-seven sieges from Jebusites, Israelites, Egyptians, Assyrians, Greeks, Romans, Mahomedans, and Christians. The first and twenty-seventh siege took place in 1244, at the hands of wild Ketazmien hordes, who plundered the city and slaughtered the priests and monks. The town itself covers an area of about 210 acres, of which 35 are occupied by the temple area. It is enclosed by walls averaging about thirty-five feet in height, and although massive in appearance, far from being substantial. Around the walls are thirty-four towers, and in the walls are seven gates, five open, and two closed. A good walker may make the circuit outside the walls within one hour, the distance being under two and a half miles, and the city lies as nearly as possible in a four square.

We first hear of it as Salem of Genesis, the city of Melchizedek, then as Jebus of the Jebusites. It is probable that the Amorites and Hittites whose territories joined that of the Jebusites, where the city stood, shared its possession with them, and the Israelites, after ineffectual attempts to dispossess this people, were obliged to leave the stronghold of Mount Zion in their hands, and inhabit only the lower part of the city, until King David and his warriors, all their energies roused by

the contemptuous defiance of the Jebusites, captured the citadel, which thenceforth, at the expense of the city of David, Jerusalem became the religious and political centre of the United Kingdom of Israel and Judah. Founded on the ruins of an older city, and year after year it has been taken so often in turn by the Egyptian, Chaldeans, Romans, Saracens, and others, that it is today resting upon a mass of debris of former cities sixty and seventy feet in depth.

In the time of Josephus the ridge or tongue of land on which Jerusalem was built was surrounded by the city proper, a valley, called by him the Tyropæon, separating Mt. Moriah, on which Abraham offered up Isaac, and on which Solomon built his temple, now covered by the Mosque of Omar, from Zion, the city of David and the palace of the king, to the east. This whole valley is now so nearly filled up with debris as to leave but a slight depression to mark its ancient existence, and the excavation made by Wilson and the Royal Engineers for the Palestine Exploration Society discovered, besides that the bed of the Tyropæon Valley is 80 ft. below the present level. The strata of the centuries passed through into each other in quiet succession, and pools with which latter underground Jerusalem is burrowed and honey combed are often cut right into one another, and were passed through in these vertical explorations. The way leads up to Bab el Rahat, and debris covers every foot of the ground save where the rock crops up at intervals. The rubble has the effect of making the strata piled one upon the other. If we examine it we have, at each step, a different view of city and country, and times we are standing, whether that of Solomon, Nehemiah, Herod, Hadrian, Constantine, Omar, Godfrey or Saladin, of each in turn repeated city. There was also another valley, called the Chelazon, or Chelion, from Chelion, a Tyroean garden, the four hills upon which ancient Jerusalem was built. These hills were surrounded with a high wall, which at the present time makes the ancient topography very picturesque, and picturesque, too. The moderns, in their courage of the early Christians, who have located with such accuracy the holy places of Christ, do not seem to direct one and confusion, shine forth more conspicuously.

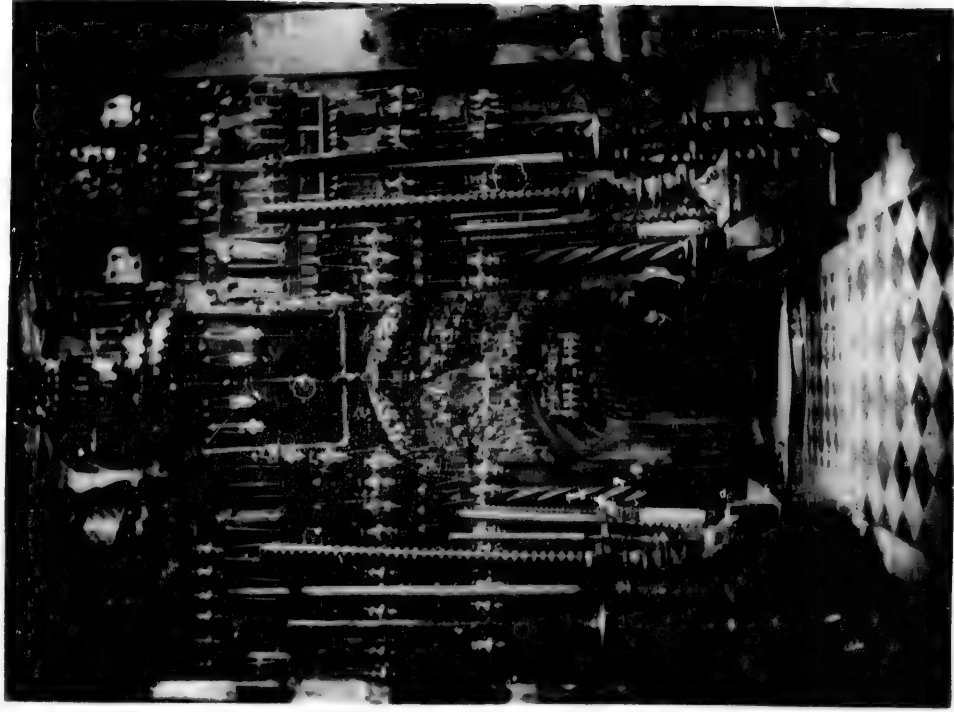
With what free and charming grace and assurance you are shown all under one roof, that of the holy Sepulchre, the place of the crucifixion, and the place of burial, and the place of resurrection, the place where our Lord was scourged, and the place where He was crucified with thorns, the place where He appeared to Mary Magdalene, and the place where the Holy Sepulchre was found for six hours, and preparing for burial, also the tomb of Adam and Melchizedek, Joseph of Arimathea, and Nazareth, and the very centre of the world, and the place where the earth was taken from when Adam was created, a host of other matters, all under one roof. Even those who come with simple faith to see where the Lord lay, sleep, and lie, and lie, and lying legends pawned off upon them. The feeling is increased by the noise and trappings that

around on every side. The Holy Sepulchre of the resurrection is made offensive by ornamentation and tawdry finery. In spite of all it is strangely affecting to see the evident earnestness, and fervor of devotion, with which many pilgrims fall upon their faces with sob and tears to kiss the stone He was laid upon, having journeyed about many a weary mile from innumerable distances to pray at this shrine. To gratify these pious longings all the holy sites spoken of by the Evangelists have been inherited and placed conveniently together, with many another handed down by tradition and monkish error. The result of such worship is a natural weakness of untaught minds, who seek something tangible, and real, like figures and pictures, tokens and relics, which monks and priests piously provide for all who wish.

The Holy Sepulchre of the Holy Sepulchre is offered freely for all sects and denominations of Christians to hold their services, and is guarded by a strong force of Turkish troops to prevent collisions and riots when they are holding them simultaneously, as is the case on feast and saints' days. This precaution has often been found very necessary. The Chapel of the Holy Sepulchre stands in the middle of the Church, directly under the great dome, while around are ranged the altars of the different sects, each in its own right and place.

I have heard of sects holding their services in loud voices simultaneously, each surrounded by its own followers, and to each other a right to mix and mingle, and I have walked around from one to another, like to booth at a fair, where each vendor was lauding the value of his own wares. The crowds, too, were generally as coarse and ignorant as the poorest of the East. As mixed and motley a multitude was there as ever were gathered at the great fairs. Latins, Copts, Armenians, Abyssinians, Nubians, Syrians, Soudanese, black as night, Egyptian, Arabs, and dwellers in Mesopotamia, greasy, uncouth Russian peasants, German peasants, Austrian peasants, dressed in their provincial garb, and all with a peculiar vacant look of religious fanaticism. Rags, filth, evil smells and vermin bearing them almost the self-scourings of the earth. It is with a feeling of relief you hurry out of it, passing the much more agreeable, fresh, and out into the open air again, devoutly saying to yourself: "Thank God, wherever the place of the crucifixion and resurrection may be, it is not there being profaned by that rabble."

Constantine, the city had been laid utterly waste. Its very name had ceased to be used, and it was called Nova Capitoonia after the Emperor Hadrian. Christians and Jews had been banished for generations and forbidden to return. The Empress Helena prompted her to visit it, and find there, through the medium of a dream, the place of the crucifixion preserved in a pit and attested by the proper number of miracles. But even if Constantine had discovered the true site of the Holy Sepulchre, and built his church upon it, there is no evidence that the present church



On Hon. Sepia, etc



Pool of Hezekiah.

of the Holy Sepulchre stands upon the site of that of Constantine, which was destroyed. When the Saracens, under Caliph Omar, wrested Jerusalem from the Christians in 641, they destroyed all the Christian edifices, except those that they converted into mosques, and the site of the temple was then taken by Caliph Omar, his brother, to the mosque named after his name, and has ever since been hallowed ground to all Moslem.

In spite of all this negative testimony, there is a positive proof of the most unimpeachable character that the place of crucifixion could not have been on the site of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, which is situated in the most ancient and much reduced city. We know the true Golgotha was outside the gates, as mentioned in the Synoptic Gospels, and necessarily by law and custom that both places of execution and places of burial should be outside the city walls. In the present place, a claim of must have always been within the city. There is no doubt the hill of the earth on which the place was just outside the Damascus gate fits all the requirements of the Scripture as well as the law and custom of the time. Thus, the spot fixed upon by General Gordon and I, have to think it has never been regarded by the Jews, the Moslems or Turk, but rather their worship of their contempt.

The same may be said of the Via Dolorosa and its stations, and traditions, and legends, which are all contained in the *Itinerary* of the Holy Land, printed on the stone wall where he suffered and died.

The old monument of Pilate is used as a barrack for soldiers, is also equally unimpeachable evidence that it could not have been the scene of judgment, while the garden of Gethsemane is disputed by all, and the place of each of whom have bought a bit of land on Mount Olivet and walled it in to exclude foreigners and soldiers, and hospice upon it, and claim it as the true place of agony. The whole mountain side has changed its appearance since then, but the true place of the agony and passion of Christ must have been further away from the city walls, and not very far, but the conclusion of the garden, but "He retired a little way from them and came behind a garden, which could not have occurred in a place so public as this. The grotto of sepulchre of the Virgin Mary, and of Joseph, and of Anna, the mother of Mary and her husband, on the side of Mount Olivet, are equally unimpeachable. How can a place certain not to be the place for people so humble and obscure could not possibly have furnished the subject matter and importance of the tomb of the King of Israel on the north side, or even that of the tomb of David which latter again may be doubted. The tomb of the Virgin is made hideous, too, by the coat of arms and tax-drawers' and an enormous number of brass lamps suspended from the roof, all burning, including one to testify that it must be the place

amp warehouse. The Chapel of the Ascension, too, on the top of Mt. Olivet, marking the spot where our Saviour ascended out of His disciples' sight, which only miracle could have revealed and which tradition could not have kept, is of doubtful authenticity.

Apart from their offensiveness and ill-taste, these relics, sites, and holy stations only indicate the strong desire of man for something tangible to cling to, in this world of uncertainty, doubt, and fear. It may as well have been in these places as in any other, where these things occurred, and if not there, they happened thereabouts, and the precise places of little importance as is sometimes urged. With this view I am inclined to agree, if it leads to spiritual edification and a better life. But does it?

One would naturally look in the place where this precious ointment was spilt, for a little of its fragrance and spirit to cling to the stones thereof, and some of its subtle perfume still to remain, glorifying and hallowing the holy spots and hallowed neighborhood. But does it? I am sorry to say I cannot perceive it, if it does. It seems to have utterly departed from these scenes, and to have settled upon Christian England, Canada and America, and other Protestant countries. Sabbath sweetness and stillness seem to pervade those mornings where the people are seen streaming quietly to beautiful, simple, and chaste temples of the living God, where spiritual discourses are listened to by intelligent Christians, whose lives and conduct show the power and truth of the religion of the ever living Christ. Who can doubt that when Christ from the Mt. of Olives wept over Jerusalem, He saw down through the ages to come the misery, uncleanness, degradation and darkness, that would brood over her, because in her proud self-sufficiency, she would not gather under Him and meekly receive the blessing which He had in His hands for her. Many come here no doubt in search of truth and light, hoping that the Holy places and their surroundings and their associations will help to throw light on the things that pertain to immortality. The craving of all men is for immortality, which with the love of life, freedom of death, and the fear and doubt of the great unknown, which lies beyond the grave if there is a beyond, as sometimes fearfully whisper to themselves, for apart from the evidence of the resurrection of the great Founder of humanity, the argument for immortality is far from satisfactory, even though presented by great sages and scientists of condensing power and intellect. Nature shows a record of universal death.

The rocks tell how individual species, genera, and types of life, that once existed on the earth have passed away. Of course, as Christians know the term, there is no hint in the book of Nature, and if man is destined to revive after his death, he appears to be a strange exception to the law which seems to govern every other living thing. If it be said

that without life beyond the grave the universe is a machine, devoid of sense and purpose. Nature has nothing to reply. Of purpose, she says nothing; she denies none, she reveals none.

The individual man comes into being through the impulse of inscrutable forces. He is made part of a system which he does not understand, and which he cannot control. He is whirled out of the world without his will, and knows not the place of his own burial. If there is a purpose behind the destiny which rules his course, nothing in Nature reveals it. Nor does she reveal any grand and universal purpose running throughout the order of the world, but only appears to labor to produce forms of life, to let them die again or become extinct. Indeed, Nature is nothing but the *operation* of the laws of mind which governs matter, and, of course, unconscious. If it be said that some moral law demands a future life to compensate for the many absurdities and inequalities we observe in this, it may be answered that Nature does not demand morality, but only force. If they are dispassionately considered, none of the arguments for human immortality, which are based on the constitution or known courses of Nature, can be held to be sufficient, and as has been remarked by a great modern divine, most of them are merely evidences of the human selfishness which would condone every injustice or wrong, provided it did not affect ourselves. Very nearly all we know of ourselves is that we are a part of Nature. That we are in any way exempted from the ordinary course of Nature Nature in no way suggests. If again it be said that from the indestructibility of one atom of matter, and the fact that when one form of life ceases to exist, Nature immediately *seizes* upon the matter composing it to begin a new creation with, so that not one atom is lost, but simply changes its form;—therefore, reasoning analogously, the divine spirit, the logos, the mind, that inhabits the body of man returns to the great ocean of mind that fills the universe, and which we call God. "Dust to dust, earth to earth, and the spirit to the God which gave it," and so in the economy of heaven, as on earth, nothing is lost between God and Nature. But where does this land us? The body, unless there be a resurrection, is no more an entity but is dispersed further into new forms, therefore it would follow analogically, that the soul of man, unless there be a resurrection of the spirit, would be lost or annihilated as an entity, having no individual existence, and in returning to the God who gave it, would become *diffused* and lost in the ocean of mind, which with worlds of matter seem to be the two primordial elements, so to speak, which make up the whole universe and fill all space. Or if the soul of man, like the body, goes into new forms, all identity and continuance is lost, and there is no immortality, as we understand it, beyond the grave.

It is only thus that reason, analogy and Nature teach us, if indeed Nature teaches at all, but only leaves us to infer, and wander into Buddhism, Confucianism, Zoroasterism, or into the more simple, direct and ancient faith of the transmigration of souls; but in all those there is only death absolute, of a more or less mysterious and refined kind.

It was by inspiration, then, that the first teachers of the Christian faith founded their promises of immortality on the single fact of the resurrection of their Master from the dead. "If Christ is not risen," they said, "then the dead rise not; "then is our teaching vain," thus Christianity stands or falls with the resurrection of the author of our faith. If that is true Christianity is true; if not, then Christianity is false.

Of the sincerity of the witnesses of the resurrection there can be, I think, no question. They lived in poverty and shame, and died cruel deaths for the sake of their belief, when by renouncing it they might have lived and died in peace. They held, and were entitled to do so, that if in this life only they had hope, then of all men they were the most miserable. The character of these men was beyond reproach, so that if they had been wilful impostors they would have been a noble race of men preaching and practising an ideal virtue, while daily propagating an atrocious falsehood, and at the cost of lifelong misery and a cruel death. To state the case is to contradict a supposition so incredible.

It is hardly conceivable that the apostles could have been involuntarily deceived. Suppose we, with certain limitations, of the Ingersoll type, make the largest allowance possible for imaginary discrepancies in the extant reports of the resurrection, there remains a vast amount of evidence which cannot be explained, on the theory of involuntary illusion. The number and nature of the illusions needed under different circumstances and at different times to account for the resurrection of many different persons, would together constitute a miracle of illusions hardly, if at all, less incredible than the resurrection itself. If the witnesses of the resurrection were not insane, their testimony is proof of the fact which they asserted, and there is not the slightest evidence of their insanity except that they asserted that fact. The best proof of their sanity is that among the numerous allegations brought against them by their enemies, that of insanity was not one; so the circumstances of the case require us to either receive their testimony or to maintain that sane men of sanctity and of the highest virtue were at once guilty of an amazing imposture, or victims of a delusion. I only care to consider these facts and difficulties in a purely logical and judicial spirit, and would like to know of why any man should choose to throw away the hope of immortality which the Christian faith, based upon the resurrection, affords.

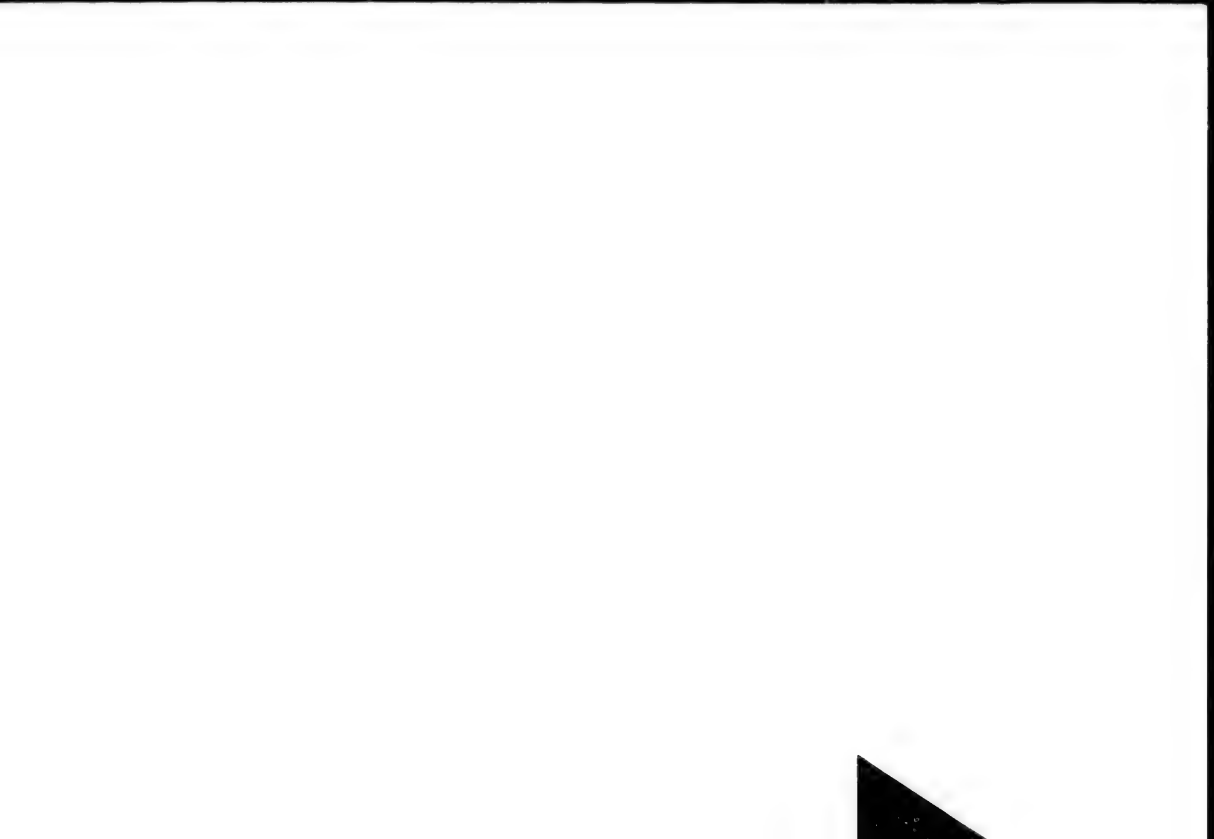
The evidence is so evenly balanced as to leave us free to choose which side to take, every instinct of humanity impels us to accept the hope, rather than hug despair; to accept the doctrine of immortality as a reality, rather than to stand it, rather than that school that prefers to believe that with death all ends, as with all the other



Garden of Gethsemane and Walls of Jerusalem



Quincy & June at the Piney Ridge Indian Reservation, Okla.



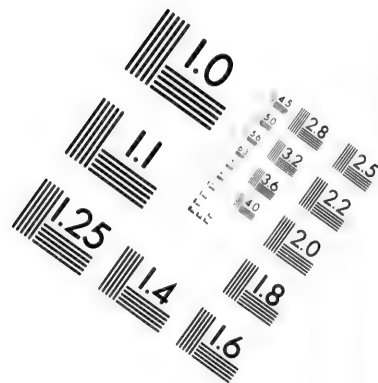
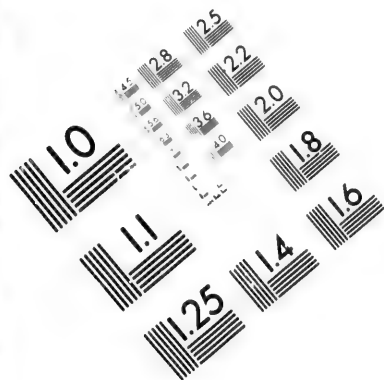
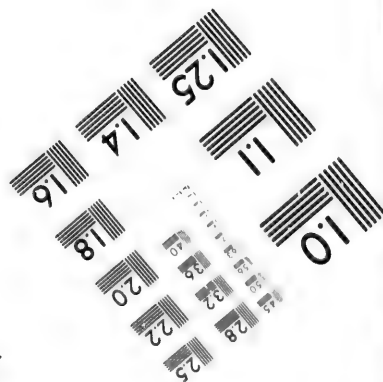
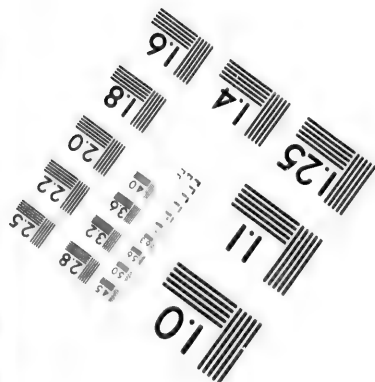
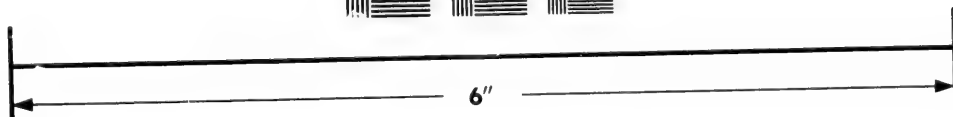
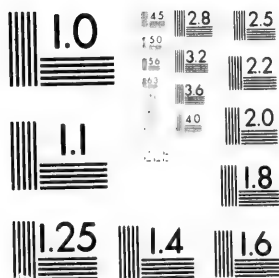
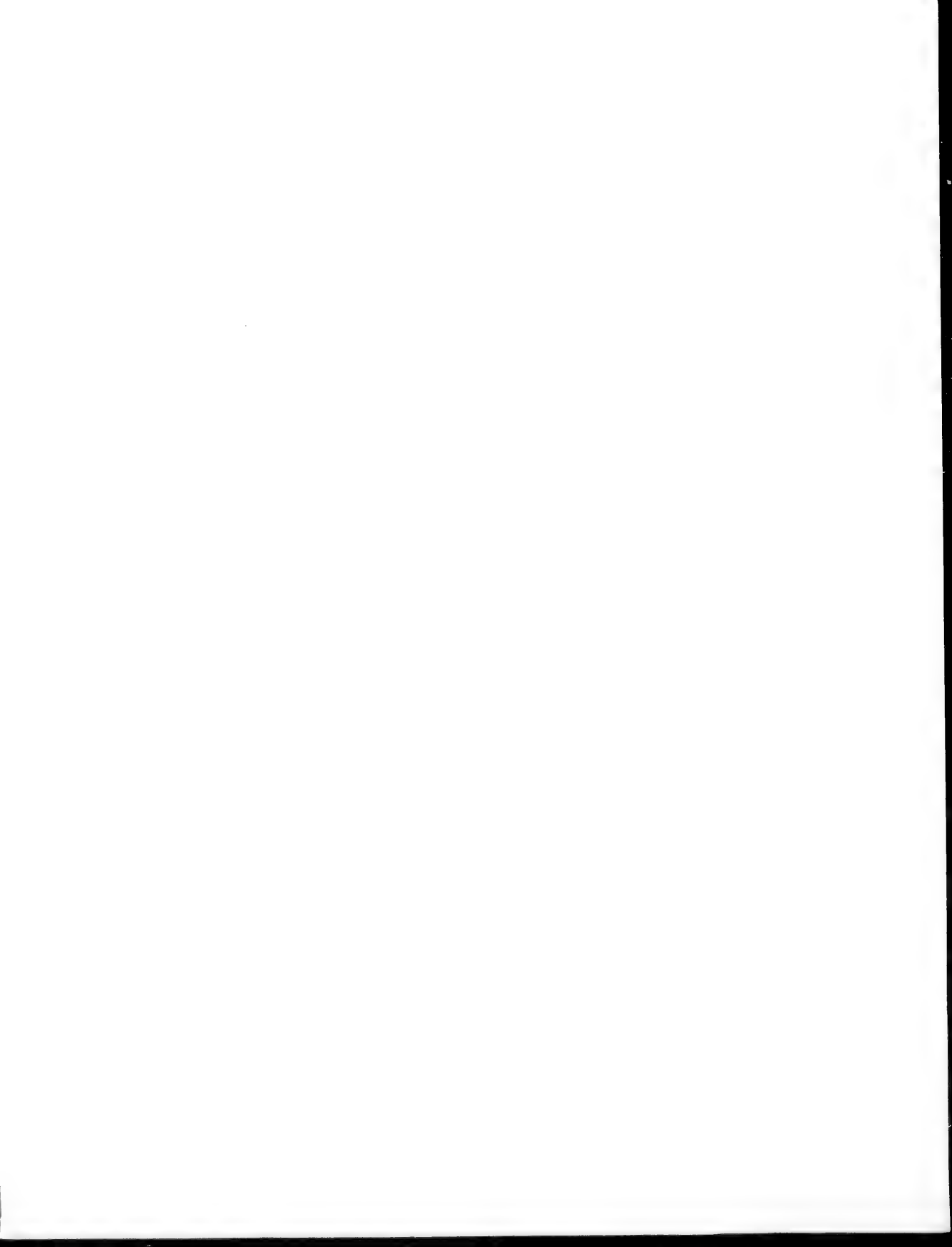


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Yesterday I went to Bethlehem, *and in a carriage too*. There are but three carriage roads in all southern Palestine. The one from Jaffa to Jerusalem, forty miles in length, which is passable, but will not be open in its entire length for a year yet; one to Hebron and the plains of Mamre, about twenty-four miles, in course of construction, which will be finished and open in a year more; and the one to Bethlehem, about eight miles from here, which is in fair condition. There are no other roads, and travel through Palestine is done generally on horses, mules, camels and donkeys.

Leaving Jerusalem by the Jaffa gate we descend into the Valley of Gihon and cross it at the upper end of the lower pool, then ascend the hill on the south-west side to the "Valley of the Giants," leaving on the left the traditional tree on which Judas hanged himself and the country house of Caiaphas, the High Priest. This plain has been called the "Valley of Ropham," the boundary line between Judah and Benjamin (Joshua xx. 8). It was here the Philistines were defeated by David.

Before reaching the top of the long rise, the traveller will be shown the "Well of the Magi," tradition stating that the "Wise Men" after leaving the presence of Herod knew not whither to go, and being weary with their journey stooped to draw water, and saw the star reflected in the well, and under its guidance they followed, till it stood over where the young child was. On the top of the hill to the left is a large building—Mar Elyas), or Convent of Elijah. In a smooth piece of rock may be seen, opposite the convent, some depressions, alleged to have been made by the body of Elijah as he lay in hiding when fleeing from Jezebel. It seems, however, that the convent was built by a certain Bishop Elias, and the claim made for the Prophet is entirely unwarranted.

At this point, called Mt. Elias, both Jerusalem and Bethlehem are in full view, one behind and the other before the traveller, both quite picturesque in appearance. Descending the hill, in about a quarter of an hour the tomb of Rachel is reached. It is a small modern building, with a dome. There can be no doubt that this site, which is revered by Christians and Moslems and Jews alike, is the scene of the touching story of Rachel's death. She had journeyed from Bethel to this place, on the way to Bethlehem. "And there was but a little way to come to Ephrath" (Bethlehem), not more than two miles, and in full view of the spot. Here she was delivered of her son. "And it came to pass" as her soul was departing that she called his name Ben-oni (son of my sorrow), but his father called him Benjamin (son of my right hand), and Rachel died and was buried on the way to Ephrath, which is Bethlehem. And Jacob set a pillar upon her grave, that is the pillar of Rachel to this day (Genesis xxx. 16). It will be remembered that in wooing her, seven long years seemed to Jacob but a few days for the love he bore her. And as the old man, long, weary years after her death,

was himself drawing near to the grave, he repeats with tender memory the story of his life. And as for me, when I came from Padan, Rachel died by me in the land of Canaan, in the way when yet there was but a little way to come unto Ephrath, and I buried her there in the way of Ephrath, the same is Bethlehem (Genesis xlviii 7). But how all these interesting meditations are quickly put to flight by present scenes and circumstances on dismounting and entering the building. There in the centre stands a sarcophagus about six feet high, surrounded by the usual lamps and tawdry decorations, and an unseemly crowd of Polish and Russian Jews, reading aloud in low, monotonous tones from their Bibles, or chanting portions of some litany, swaying their bodies back and forth, while the odors of the many burning oil lamps, mixing with the other insufferable odors of such a crowd, made us too willing to escape again into heaven's pure air. The views of Bethlehem, as the ancient city is approached, are pretty and striking, and suggest many pictures to the mind's eye in connection with the stories of Ruth, David and others: Of Naomi, returning to her native town and hearing the greeting of her old neighbors, "Is this indeed Naomi? how changed!" Nor can we look on the corn fields now waving so green and joyful in the golden sunshine without thinking of the time of harvest when Ruth gleaned in the field after the reapers, and Boaz saw her and loved her for her love, and she became his wife, and in process of time the grandmother of David the King, and the ancestress of Christ. The scene of this touching pastoral story is laid in Bethlehem and the adjoining fields, and the quaint procedure in the city gate in fulfilment of Mosaic law happened here.

Another event of importance happening here, was the anointing of David by Samuel to be King of Israel. In the adjacent country, the shepherd boy, the great-grandson of Ruth, had spent his youth in tending sheep, meeting and overcoming wild beasts and composing his earliest Psalms. From Bethlehem he was sent for by Saul, to "minister to a mind diseased" with his melodious harpings. Returning from the Court of Saul to his native place, he thence goes forth to see his brethren with the army, and slays the giant champion of Philistia. Other members of the House of Jesse also attained celebrity as fighting men, and maintained the fighting character of the Bethlehemites in all their actions. Such were Joab, Abishai, Asahel, and Amasa, sons of David's sisters. Well might the little town take the title of "The City of David."

From the able arguments of Hepworth Dixon there seems good reason to believe that through these long years of peace and war, of captivity and desolation, there was a continuity of possession on the part of the family of David of their ancestral lands upon the hills of Bethlehem. And more, there seems no reason to doubt that on the patrimony of Boaz and Jesse there had been erected by one of the heads of the family, in accordance with Eastern custom, a caravanserai or inn, representative of the primitive hospitality of earlier days, so that when "Joseph went up from Galilee, out of the

City of Nazareth, into Judea unto the City of David, which is called Bethlehem (because he was of the house and lineage of David), to be taxed with Mary, his espoused wife," he was, in coming to the inn, not only complying with the Roman edict, that everyone should go to his own city to be taxed, but was actually going to his own house.

These recollections and thoughts have brought us into the town, and we are descending the narrow, slippery, stone-cobbled street that leads to the Church of the Nativity, lined on either side by booths, where the making of crosses and rosaries of mother-of-pearl, and other holy relics, is carried on, and where you are importuned at every step to buy them, or to give back hush.

The nave of the church, which is the common property of all Christians, and wears a very neglected and desolate aspect, is the oldest monument of Christian architecture in the world, it is said. It is the sole remaining portion of the grand Basilica, erected here by the Empress Helena, the mother of Constantine, in 327, A.D.

In this edifice was crowned Baldwin, and the last repairs were executed by Edward IV., of England.

The Chapel, or Grotto of the Nativity, is a cave in the rock, over and around which the Church and Convent buildings are reared, and for the sake of which they exist. It is twenty feet below the floor of the church, and is approached by two spiral staircases. Descending either of these staircases the visitor enters a vault, 33 feet by 11 feet, encased with Italian marble, and decorated with numerous lamps, figures of saints, embroidery, and various other ornaments. On one side of the Grotto is a recess where a silver star on the pavement indicates the spot where our Saviour was born. Around it is an inscription as follows: "Hic de Virgine Maria Jesus Christus Natus Est." Above this spot sixteen silver lamps are perpetually burning, six belonging to the Greeks, and five each to the Latins and the Arminians. Close by there is a plain altar, which each of the three sects use on their own special festivals, and decorate according to their own ideas.

The other recess, the Chapel of the Manger, is said to be the place of the discovery of the wooden manger, shown now at the Church of Ste. Maria Maggiore, at Rome.

In proximity to the Chapel of the Nativity, various chapels, tombs, pictures, etc., are shown. The Altar of the Innocents is overlooked by a wretched picture pretending to portray the scene. Twenty thousand of Herod's poor little victims are said to lie buried here. Whatever may be thought of these chapels and altars and their claims, it is not improbable that the Grotto of the Nativity may indeed be the actual place of the Lord's birth. That caves in the hillside existed in those days and were utilized as stables for cattle when the inn was crowded, and that in such a cave the Re-



Isidom's Tomb.



Tomb of King David on Mount Zion.

deemer was born, is confirmed both by Scripture and tradition. It was commonly accepted as true, as early as the time of Justin Martyr, about a hundred years after the facts occurred; and as Bethlehem is, and always was, a quiet country place, removed from the theatre of events which have so shaken and altered Jerusalem—where changes are rare and slight during many centuries, so one may put some faith in its pretensions, and comfort oneself with the expression, "it may be, and at least nobody knows to the contrary."

One ardent believer in the grotto as his Saviour's birth-place, has his chapel and tomb within its precincts, and spent the greater part of his life there. I mean St. Jerome of holy memory, of whom Dean Stanley speaks in these graphic words: "If the traveller follows the windings of that long subterranean gallery, he will find himself at its close in a rough chamber hewn out of rock, here sufficiently clear to need no vindication. In this cell, in all probability, lived and died the most illustrious of all the pilgrims attracted to Bethlehem; the only one of the many hermits and monks from the time of Constantine to the present day, sheltered within its rocky sides, whose name has travelled beyond the limits of the Holy Land. Here for more than thirty years, beside what he believed to be the Cradle of the Christian faith, Jerome fasted, prayed, dreamed and studied. Here he gathered around him his devoted followers in the small communities which formed the beginnings of conventual life in Palestine. Here the fiery spirit which he had brought with him from his Dalmatian birth-place, and which had been first roused to fervor on the banks of the Moselle, vented itself in the flood of treatises, letters, and commentaries which he poured forth from his retirement to terrify, exasperate and enlighten the Western world. Here also was composed the famous translation of the Scriptures, which is still the 'Biblia Vulgata' of the Latin Church, and here took place that pathetic scene, his last communion and death, at which all the world has been permitted to be present, in the wonderful picture of Domenichino, which has represented in colors never to be surpassed, the attenuated frame of the weak and sinking flesh, the resignation and devotion of the spirit ready for its immediate departure."

About fifteen minutes walk from here eastward, is the shepherds' fields. A very ancient tradition makes this the spot where the shepherds were watching their flocks by night and received "the good tidings of great joy." "And there were in the same country shepherds abiding in the field keeping watch over their flock by night, and lo, the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them, and they were sore afraid. And the angel said, Fear not; for behold I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day in the city of David, a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord. And this shall be a sign unto you: Ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger. And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly

host, praising God and saying, Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will towards men." A wall encloses this field, in which are some fine olive trees.

The grotto of the shepherds is in the field, a dark subterranean chapel belonging to the Greeks. When the eye becomes accustomed to the darkness, it will be seen that the grotto is fitted up as a church, and contains a few paintings. It is alleged that this is the identical place where the shepherds saw the vision of the angel, and the worshipping hosts of heaven.

We will now return and visit the town. It is built on the slope of a hill, called by courtesy mountain, well cultivated in terraces around the sides, and with fertile cornfields in the valley below. On the terraces, vine, olive, and fig trees abound. The wine of Bethlehem has considerable local celebrity, but is not much appreciated by travellers. The town consists of about 500 houses, and contains about 8000 souls, mostly Christians of the Greek persuasion. They have always been celebrated for their turbulence, inclined like David to be "men of war from their youth," and, it is said, always conspicuous in the religious disturbances in Jerusalem. A strong Turkish regular force is posted there, whose principal duty is to keep guard in the Church of the Nativity to prevent religious riots and bloodshed among the Christians!!! The stroll through the town is not very agreeable, by the reason of the dirt and evil smells that abound; there is nothing worthy of attention to be seen, and, in point of fact, in no way differs in all of these particulars from other Eastern cities. So we quickly return to the church for one parting look at the birth-place of the greatest King the world has ever seen. There are, of course, infesting the precincts of the church, sellers of trinkets and souvenirs, rosaries and crosses, all of mother-of-pearl, and made here.

Amidst their most pressing solicitations to buy, or to give "backsheesh for the love of Christ," we drove away. It was only when at a goodly distance from it, that the glory and halo of its being the birth-place of Christ seemed to return to it and surround it like a nimbus, and while regarding it receding in the distance as we drove away, leaving it nestling in its hills, I tried to imagine it as on that eventful night, more than eighteen hundred years ago, when the Star of Bethlehem hung softly over it, and the bright and shining angels hovered over the shepherds in the field, and sang that hymn of "Peace on earth and goodwill towards men, for to them is born a Saviour," which has rung down through the centuries to this day, and brought joy and gladness to millions of hearts at each Christmas time. But I could not conjure it up; I could not fancy that *all that* had ever happened there; the rugged, rough, rocky surroundings, the sickliness and poverty of the village, from which I could almost fancy I heard still, the oft-repeated cry coming up faintly in the distance, "Back-

sheesh, howadji, backsheesh." It is useless to come here to revive one's faith, all this forbids. So leaving it not reluctantly, we arrived in Jerusalem in time for dinner.

Our next trip will be most interesting of all. To Jericho, Jordan and the Dead Sea, but I must leave that for the next letter.

I shall not be sorry to bid adieu to the Holy City for a few days and escape from its odors, which are not at all of sanctity.

Jerusalem has the reputation of being the worst city in the world in point of cleanliness, and I fear its claim to that distinction can hardly be set aside by any other. This morning I visited the Jews' quarter and two of their synagogues. The latter were disgustingly unclean, partly filled with worshippers reading the Bible and Psalm, indifferently, clad in the oldest and filthiest of garments, with the greasiest of old, black, felt, low round hats on their heads, reciting their prayers in a low, shuffling, mumbling tone devoid of spirit or interest, lacking in all reverence or active religious feeling. The scene and the smells were too disagreeable, so quickly escaping into a narrow, dirty lane where I was alone, we made our way through scenes of filth, degradation and misery. The sights, sounds and smells being so objectionable, and would be almost beyond belief if not seen. That human beings, or the semblance of such, can live in such a state of swineedom is inconceivable.

It was a relief to get out into the Moslem quarter, and a still greater relief to reach the Christian quarter, which latter would be thought almost intolerable for want of cleanliness in any European city. How such a literature as theirs could have sprung up there, like a beautiful flower growing out of a dunghill, is a marvel. Their prophets, like the Dervishes of the Moslem religion, must have gloried in their superior indifference to the things of this present world and its comforts, or Jerusalem is changed much since the days of David, and I hardly think it has, or at least to no large extent, for changes come slowly in the East.

So, repeating the words of their own prophet Jeremiah, "Oh, Jerusalem? wilt thou not be made clean? When shall it once be?" I will close.

JERUSALEM, April 27th, 1897

21. 10. 1897

Before starting, on my pilgrimage to the Jordan and Jericho and the Dead Sea, I wish to remark that this is probably the land of pilgrims and pilgrimages; the only serious rival Jerusalem has in this way is Mecca in Arabia, the Mecca of the Moslems, the Mahommedans, numbering now over 200,000,000 of people. You meet these pilgrims everywhere. On the 19th of April, at Bethlehem the other day, I passed a procession of over two hundred Latin pilgrims, all peasants, on their way to the place of the Nativity. Friday last, an immense procession of Moslems left Jerusalem for Nebi Moussa, on the road to the tomb of Moses near Jericho, though "no man knows to this day where he was buried." The Moslems hold the same respect for Moses in as great veneration as do the Jews, and have built a mausoleum over his grave, which they believe to have found about a hundred years ago. All the rag-tag and hob-tail of the Moslem persuasion left town on that day on a pilgrimage to his shrine, preceded by banners flying, followed by Falstaffian guards and players of music. (The music, I mark!—diabolical, ear-splitting sounds, through the whole gamut, at whose heels trotted a mixed and motley rabble.)

"Some in rags,

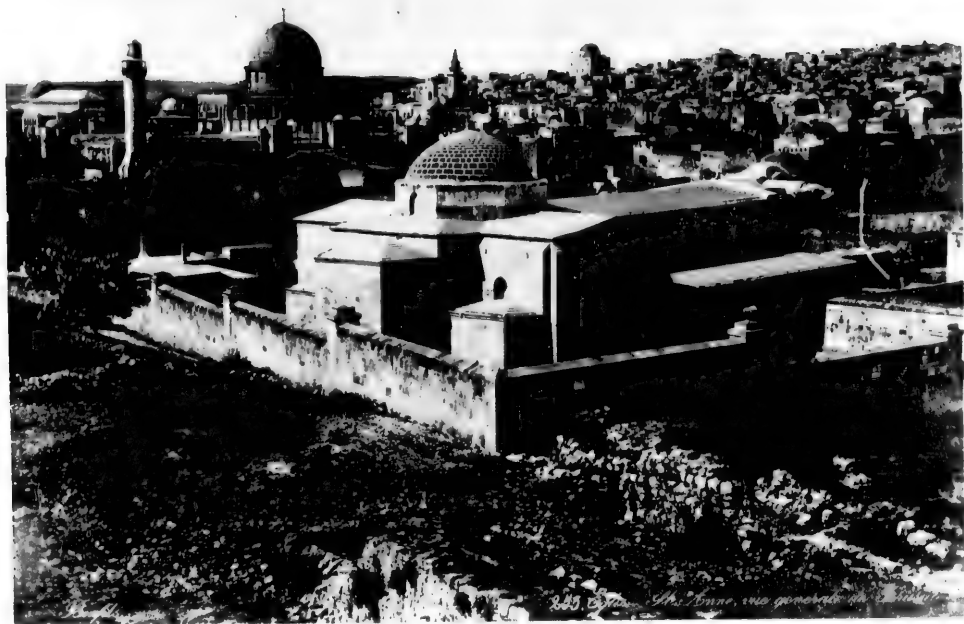
Some in tags,

Some in velvet gowns,

as the nursery rhyme has it, though I didn't see any velvet. They will spend a week there, feasting and gorging themselves with the provisions they carry with them, and on their return the fast Ramadan begins. This season of Ramadan lasts a month and corresponds with the Lent of the Christians. In this season all good Moslems abstain from eating and drinking between sunrise and sunset, and, of course, during this severe fast they do little or no work; but there are no special religious services, I understand, during Ramadan. Friday is their special day of worship, but it is not really a Sabbath, for it is not hallowed like the Jewish and Christian Sabbath, but after attending at the reading of the Koran and reciting of prayers, and sometimes preaching at the mosques, they return to their usual avocations of the day. Five times a day their religion requires them to pray. Wherever they may be, or whatever they may be engaged in, when the moment arrives, called out by the minarets by the Billal or Muezzin, they drop everything, and bowing their faces to the ground, towards Mecca, with many genuflections they mumble some short prayers, and bowing three times to earth, they get up and con-



Rachel's Tomb.



Jerusalem from the North-East. Mosque of Omar. and Church of St. Anne.

Their loud cries, with cracked voices, of "Howadji, lipro-leper, hadji, hadji, lipro, lipro-pilgrim, lepers, lepers," for every foreigner here is called hadji, or pilgrim. Long after you have passed by them, their disagreeable cries follow you in the distance, for many of them are totally blind and do not know when to stop. There is a hospital for them outside the walls, where they are well enough cared for, it is said, but they are allowed to go out all day and beg in prescribed places outside the gates. It is a disgrace and should be stouped, but begging is nowhere in this country thought disgraceful—so little so that almost the entire population beg, or at least will do so, as a matter of habit, from any well-dressed stranger. You are asked for back-sheesh at every step.

Skirting the northern walls, we pass down the valley of the Kedron, by the place where St. Stephen was stoned, and up along the southern side of Olivet to Bethany, where Lazarus lived. Passing the ruins of his house, and his tomb below, we begin to climb the paths over the mountains to Jericho. As there is nothing of interest here to note, I will describe our cavalcade. First, with bowed, bare legs and swinging gait, goes Mahomet Ali, our Bedouin guard, with a pair of old sandals on his feet, bare legs, brown as roasted coffee, muscular as an old Roman. Reaching down to his knees, he wears a whitish cotton shirt, over that, a striped black and white camel's hair burnous, surmounted by a picturesque turban, and across his back is slung the ever-present gun, without which an Arab never goes anywhere. The Government requires all travellers to the Jordan, and some other districts, to be accompanied by one of the Bedouin force in their employ, not so much because there is any real danger on the road, as to prevent depredations by wandering Arabs, or to secure their identification, in case of a bag or any other article being stolen by them.

Next comes my dragoman, George Abraham, or Father of David, as he is called and known. In the East, they are not usually known by their own names, but by their son's name.

For instance: my dragoman's name in Arabic is "Father of David," because his son's name is David, though his own name is George. Every Arab is thus known. As Father of Abraham, if his son's name is Abraham, or Father of Jacob, if his son's name is Jacob, and if he has no son, some fictitious name of son is given him till he has one. Curious habit, but Eastern and ancient. My dragoman is difficult to describe. His dress is fearfully and wonderfully got up, with sashes and fringes, and little colored pompons, or buttons, on both horse and rider, with all that an Arab's love of finery can suggest. A Mameluke's white muslin turban on his head, and falling down his back, covering his neck from the sun; with a couple of black bands bound round his head, fastening the turban; military boots and pistol, and Greek curved dagger in his belt, he is at once both magnificent and warlike. A dragoman is always an important authority and

personage here. He speaks a little English, very little, and French, Italian and German, but not enough to give an intelligible account of anything in any language but his own Arabic. I believe he is a Christian professedly, but that, like his stock of German, French, English, and Italian, is part of his stock-in-trade, and is limited in extent, as the others. He is, however, my major-domo, has sole charge of the expedition, and feels its full responsibility. It is he who provides everything necessary: provisions, forage for the horses, camp equipage, and does the whole thing for a fixed price per head per day, according to the number, with no other charge whatever to the pilgrim. In my case, being alone, the charge is thirty shillings a day, for a horse for myself, one for himself, a mule and muleteer to carry the provisions, baggage and camping material, and an Arab guard. This makes a party of four persons, two horses and a mule, presenting quite an imposing and pilgrim-like effect, as we wound up the defiles and mountain-paths of the hills of Judah on the way to Jericho. All the west side of the Jordan may be thus traversed, and all the Bible sites of interest visited with one of these dragomen, at a cost of from thirty shillings to two pounds a day, and even less for a party of four or more. They have their routes all over Central and Southern Palestine, embracing Nazareth, Galilee, and Tiberias, Samaria, Mt. Ebal, Shechem, and Shiloh, Bethel and Nablous, and many other places of interest, where, at the end of each day's journey in the saddle, or from six to eight hours, they bring you to some Latin or Greek monastery, convent or maison d'hospitance, religious, or some Sheikh's house, where you are sure of finding a fair bed, and some accessories to supplement the dragoman's stock of provisions. All of Palestine west of the Jordan may be visited in this way at little cost. It is only when crossing the Jordan into Gilead, and down into Edom and the land of Moab, that tents and a strong band of Arab guards, led by their sheik through the territory of each tribe, is needed. This is a more extensive affair, generally taking from ten to fourteen days, and is more fatiguing, especially in unfavorable weather. In the heat the tents are almost unbearable. There is no shelter so hot in the sun's rays as a tent, and if windy or rainy, it is very disagreeable from the cold and drench. Every necessary must be taken along. Nothing can be expected with certainty up in the route, the cost of a party of four or five would not, however, exceed two pounds a day per head inclusive, except the guard, which, for six armed men on horseback, with their sheik, would be about thirty shillings a day. A very good trip of this kind, tenting, is to cross the Jordan near Jericho about eight miles above John the Baptist's convent, near to the old place of baptism, where pilgrims go to bathe, where there is a bridge; thence to Ramoth Gilead, and up through the Hauran to Damascus, from there on to Baalbek and to Beyrouth. This is almost the only route that can be taken east of the Jordan, and requires about fourteen days. Cook's office here will supply dragomen and everything necessary, at two pounds per day each person for a party of from four to six, which is large enough. A little better terms can be made with dragomen at Beyrouth, and these dragomen have usually better horses and tents than Cook's people. It is better, too, to begin an ex-

to start at Beyruth, or to come south to Jerusalem and finish here; or continue on through Hebron and Gaza on to Sinar, thence across the desert to Cairo. Many do that. Starting at either end, Cairo or Beyruth, the whole trip occupies about a month. Both are famous places for making up such expeditions, and have much better facilities for it than Jerusalem. The caravan, the informant, so have passed over a very uninteresting part of the journey, and arrived at the Apostles' Cemetery, where we are to lunch. There is not a tree or shrub to be seen in all these miles of rocky, sandy, mountainous desert. We are glad to accept the shade of a friendly overhanging rock, which sheltered us from the sun's rays.

The desert had no patches of the country becoming more rocky in appearance as we approached the Dead Sea. Now and then, however, a rocky valley could be esured an Arab camp, with their low, dark open tents clustered together, while the nomads themselves could be seen trying to pick up a scanty living, together with a few goats and some cows and asses. The nomads, as I saw them, I turned aside with my dragoman to get a nearer view of their life and habits. It was a sight not to be forgotten. A very dirty, huddled together with their animals, who looked, indeed, superior to the Luvians. The nomads, men and women, with children, when with their wild mothers, were often tattooed over their faces and bodies, and clanking around us for backsheesh. There were only one or two men about the camp, and they seemed to be of no account, but pressed their hospitality upon us in a rather polite and graceful manner, pointing to all Arab customs. I found that any acceptance of it must be rewarded in backsheesh. They have one word which they always use, and which expresses more things than any other word could be made to do in any other language. This is *tu fuddal*, which is performed as nearly as possible in English as possible. With a polite gesture to enter their tent, they repeat *tu fuddal* to their guests. If they offer you a seat, or water, they always accompany the offer with a *tu fuddal*. If they ask you for something, they say, with a graceful bow, *tu fuddal*. If you refuse them to do anything, then reply, with a deprecatory wave of the hand, *tu fuddal*. However, we declined their hospitality, and distributing a few paras, or backsheesh, among the mothers and children, though no end of backsheesh would do it to them; and long after we had left them behind us, we could hear their cries faintly following us. "Hadli, hadli, hadli, backsheesh." Shortly after leaving them, we met an extraordinary procession coming towards us. It consisted of a few cows and small arms, firing in the air, and hooting, and halloing, and waving flags and streamers. It was a wedding party, and the bride was being carried by force, or a semblance of force. It is an odd custom, constantly observed in the East. I have noticed the same thing at Cairo.

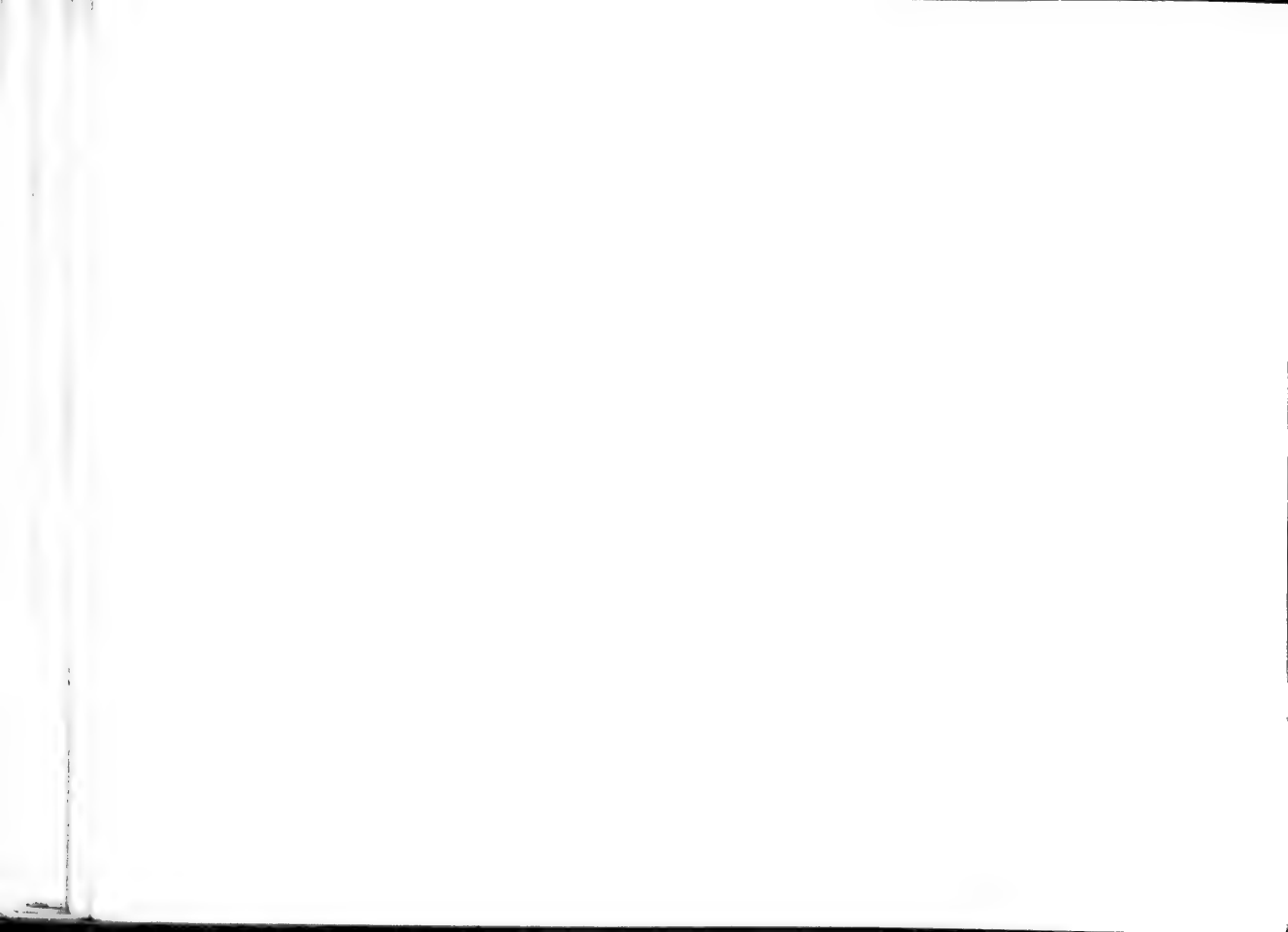


Satima.



Arabs at Meal Times--Offering Hospitalities,







Arabs at Maallime.



After Dinner in the Harem.

Passing them we came to the house of the Good Samaritan, half-way to Jericho. Resting there in the shade of a narrow court, and drinking two or three small cups of the good, sweet, thick Arab coffee, we pushed on and soon began to have views of the Dead Sea, -that mysterious lifeless lake over which many a traveller has drawn a long bow in describing it to be like the equally mysterious and mythical upas tree, dealing sudden death to any bird venturing to pass over it, or to any beast or fish passing under it. It certainly did not appear to have such a bad character.

Now we approach in sight of Jericho, and Jordan's green fringe of birch, larch, alder, and willow marking its course beyond. New Jericho consists of an Arab collection of huts and hovels, with about half-a-dozen bright-looking European buildings to redeem it, first among which is a Greek convent, with a beautiful chapel, situate a short distance from it, the new Jordan Hotel, at which we were to put up, two or three rather pretty villas surrounded with small trees, a few fig, almond, and pomegranate trees, and a world of flowers in profuse bloom belonging to some resident Greeks and Russians, which, with a fine stone aqueduct carrying water from the spring across the wady or valley, make up all the is to see here.

Old Jericho, whose walls fell under the blast of the trumpets of Joshua, and seems never to have been rebuilt, about two miles away from the present site, at the fountain-head so miraculously cured by Elisha with a cruse of salt and water. It is now but an indistinguishable mound of earth, sand, debris of stone, not even a trace of the ruins of the old city. There are also two or three other mounds lying near, but which late excavations have proved to be burial place. These, with the remains of an old reservoir for water, but of a much later date, are all there is to show of that ancient city near which Lot chose to reside, which Joshua with all the Israelites and the priests with rams' horns walked around seven times, and then blew such a blast with the rams' horns, and shouted such a shout, "that the walls fell down flat and the people entered therein," and which later on became a city of refuge and "the city of the Kings of Judah." So transit gloria mundi?

The whole configuration of the country is singular in the extreme: the valley of the Jordan and the Dead Sea are 1,300 feet below the sea level and the Mediterranean, and is consequently tropical in its climate and vegetation. It is nearly 4,000 feet below the level of Jerusalem, so "going down to Jericho" is quite the proper phrase, as is also "going up to Jerusalem." It strikes me that this whole valley of the Dead Sea and the valley of Akabah of the Red Sea must once have been covered by the sea, but by some convulsion of Nature the continuity was broken by an upheaval in the valley of Akabah, which in time evaporated, leaving a residuum of salt with which the whole plain of Jericho near the Dead Sea is still impregnated to an astonishing degree. The whole face of the country from Jericho to the Dead Sea is covered with

alt as white as it snowed upon. Indeed, it strongly resembles a landscape slightly covered with snow. The imprints of horses' feet when the rain in the soft soil has died away, leave a lining of salt crust in each hole. The face of the plain is full of washouts, gullies, and ravines, where the soil was soft, leaving high mounds where it was rocky and hard, precisely as if a deluge had passed that way, or a violent subsidence of water, carrying the softer soil with it.

The whole extent of the plain between Jericho and the Dead Sea—two hours on horseback—is wild and lonely, weird and unholly looking. Here it was that the seven cities of the plain were situated, together with Sodom and Gomorrah before being destroyed, but must have been very different from now, when Lot chose its fair area for feeding grounds for his flocks on the separation from Abraham. Riding over it, one cannot escape feeling that some great catastrophe must once have happened there. The dead and forsaken air of the place, the utter stillness, the weird and ghostly look, as if only unholy demons frequented or inhabited it; these feelings increase as you go on, till a weight settles down on your spirit.

Stop a moment with yourself now and then looking behind to see if some disembodied creature of the nether world is not dogging your steps, or if some diabolical design, and you hurry on your horse, who, with ears uneasily pricked forward, seems to have caught some of the infection of the place. Increasing our pace, we soon arrive at the Jordan Hotel, and we are welcomed by a friendly Hungarian, speaking good English, and were assured that the table d'hôte dinner would be a good one.

After dinner, at which assisted some dozen other pilgrims, mostly English, I mounted upon the roof, where chairs were provided, as in all Eastern countries, to enjoy the cool of the evening, and to see the twilight die away behind Mount Quarantania, or the Mount of Temptation, and the hills of Judah. A wide horizon, with many a site notable in the Holy Scripture, was in full view. First, was Quarantania, or the Mount of Temptation, where Christ was led by the spirit to be tried for forty days, after being baptised by John at the Ford of Jordan, also in full view. A more wild, desolate-looking mountain cannot be imagined; not a blade of grass, leaf, or green thing of any sort to be seen on its whole steep sides to its bottom to craggy top. Further south, nearer the Dead Sea, was to be seen the lofty minaret and domed mosque marking the spot, according to Mahomedan belief, where Nebi Moussa, or the Prophet Moses, is buried. The ragged procession of Moslems who left Jerusalem last Friday, to worship at his shrine, are there now, guzzling and gorging themselves to the sound of hideous music, in accompaniment, in anticipation of the great fast of Ramadin, which begins next Friday. Directly opposite, on the east side of the Jordan, in the land of Moab, rises the ragged peak and picturesque form of Mt. Pisgah, from whence Moses was permitted to view the land of Gilead and the "other side of Jordan," recalling the well-known lines of Mrs. Alexander:

By Nebo's lonely mountain,
 On this side Jordan's wave,
 In a vale in the land of Moab,
 There lies a lonely grave.

And no man built that sepulchre,
 And no man saw it e'er,
 For the angels of God upturned the sod,
 And laid the dead man there.

That was the grandest funeral
 That ever passed on earth,
 Yet no man heard the trampling,
 Nor saw the train go forth.

Noiselessly as the sunlight
 Comes back when night is done,
 And crimson streak on Ocean's cheek
 Grows into the great sun.

So, without sound of music,
 Or voice of those that wept,
 Silently down the mountain's crown
 The great procession swept.

Perchance the bald old eagle
 On grey Beth-peor's height,
 Out of his lonely eyrie
 Looked on the wondrous sight.

Perchance the lion stalking
 Still shuns the hallowed spot,

For beast and bird have seen and heard
 That which man knoweth not.

But when the warrior dieth,
 His comrades in the war,
 With arms reversed and muffled drums,
 Follow his funeral car.

Among the noblest of the land
 We lay the hard to rest,
 And give the sage an honored place,
 With costly marble drest

In the great minster transept,
 Where lights like glories fall,
 And the organ rings, and the sweet choir sings
 Along the emblazoned wall.

This was the greatest warrior
 That ever buckled sword
This the most gifted poet
 That ever breathed a word!

And never Earth's philosopher
 Traced with his golden pen
 On the deathless page, truths half so sage
 As he wrote down for men!

And had he not high honor?
 The hillside for a pall—
 To lie in state while angels wait,
 And stars for tapers tall!

And the dark rock pines, like tossing plumes,
 Over his bier to wave ;
 And God's own hand, in that lonely land,
 To lay him in his grave.

In that strange grave without a name,
 Whence his unconfined clay
 Shall break again—Oh, wondrous thought—
 Before the judgment day,

And stand with glory wrapped around,
 On the hills he never trod ;

And speak of the strife that won our life
 With the incarnate Son of God.

O! lonely grave in Moab's land—
 O! dark Beth-peor's hill,
 Speak to these curious hearts of ours,
 And teach them to be still.

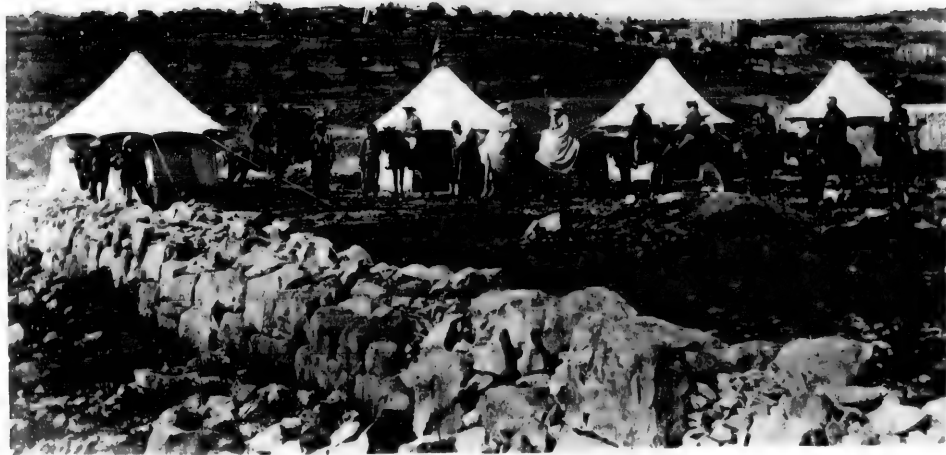
God has His mysteries of grace,
 Ways we cannot tell ;
 He hides them deep like the hidden sleep
 Of him he loved so well.

As all these memories crowd upon one's mind, of Joshua and the Israelites crossing the Jordan dry-shod ; the fall of Jericho ; the passage of Elijah by striking the water with his mantle to make an opening through for himself ; the return of Elijah in the same manner ; the curing of the waters of the fountain ; one cannot help the thought, "how could all these wonders have happened in a land so unlovely and barren."

Just below is the Arab village of Jericho, or Riha, the site of ancient Gilgal, than which, a meaner collection of huts and hovels cannot be imagined. An Irish or Crofter's cabin would be a palace by comparison to them. A bit of stone wall, not even plastered with mud, for walls of the hut, which are dug partly in the ground, the roof covered with brush, and the whole bound down by a layer of earth and stone, huddled close together, resembling a huge anthill of half a mile or more in circumference. Within this enclosure, live thirty or forty families, promiscuously, with their camels, goats, cows and donkeys, with at least six starving and mongrel dogs to each family, whose only use, as I ascertained pater to my disgust, was to fill the night with howlings and yelpings, enough to drive away all sleep. How even an Arab could sleep through such a pandemonium as they made all night is a problem. Mine host, Ungar, who is much dissatisfied with the neighborhood, says the village is the capital of "fleadom"; that the Sultan of all the fleas in Palestine lives there, and holds his court, and has done so from time immemorial ; that they have amongst them a court and nobility, and well-defined middle class, and a large lower or common class, of peasant fleas, so to speak. That this is the place of which it is written,



Qnarantania, or Mount of Temptation.



Gonrists' Camp, Palestine.

"That big fleas have little fleas on their backs to bite 'em,
While little fleas have lesser fleas, and so on *ad infinitum*."

He says the tent-living Arabs break up their camps and go elsewhere when the little animals become too intolerable even for an Arab; "They silently fold their tents and incontinently *flee* away," but the village Arabs cannot move, and so the little animals increase, wax fat, and grow more and more numerous. The temptation to shy a stone or two down from our roof, into the nest of Arabs, great and small, animals and vermin, is as great as we ever felt, when boys, to pelt a hornet's nest at a safe distance.

A deputation from the village, accompanied by a dragoman as interpreter, have just come up, and offered to favor us with some of their national dances, to be performed by the young men and maidens of the village on the open ground before the hotel, by the light of a big bonfire, if we holy pilgrims will pay the sum of two francs each. This offer is at once accepted. A bonfire of brush is soon blazing, and we pilgrims seated in chairs below on the ground, everyone of us having a seat in the front row just behind the music. Then the performance began. There are no instruments, but the Arabs themselves furnish the music to dance by, each one chanting in a low monotonous tone, to perfect time, and mostly a continued repetition of one word for a dozen times or so, then a wild scream for the chorus. The men first, to the number of about a dozen, formed a half circle, with a leader armed with a naked cutlass, a wild-looking fellow, uniquely dressed, standing in the centre of the crescent, and singing some wild chant which seemed to mark time for the rest, the men in the half circle standing close together, shoulder to shoulder, swaying this way ~~and~~ that to perfect time, and altogether chanting monotonously two words like "He cot, he cot," for a dozen times or more, while the wild song of the leader went screaming on in a higher pitch, then suddenly with a piercing scream they would all fly at him as if to pull him to pieces; while he stretching himself up to his full height, would flourish his naked cutlass over their heads, upon which they would all fall upon their knees in a circle around him, their heads bowed to the ground in token of submission. Then rising again they returned to their places to go through again and again the same pantomime, all in the most complete and finished time. There was an interlude, and then began the young girls' dance. These girls were from the age of 12 to 16 years, slim and quick and graceful in their movements. They might even have been pretty, there in the desert, if once taken and well scrubbed. All they wore for garments, seemed to be a simple blue cotton gown, coming down to the knees, guiltless of stockings or shoes, or head covering of any sort.

Their dance was a decidedly pretty one, in perfect time, as was the men's, and showed much practice. They began by about a dozen of them forming a circle by joining hands, while one stood outside of the ring and gave them time, by chanting a low, continuous, monotonous song. As with the men, one word was repeated three times. With the first they would swing violently their bodies to the left; with the second, they swung as quickly to the right, and at the third the whole circle swung rapidly around to the right, about one-third of its circumference, but so rapidly that all their right feet with one motion swung round horizontally through the air. The gleam of all their bare brown feet in the flickering firelight as they swung violently around, was a very pretty effect. At the end of this whirl, they all bowed their heads together almost to the ground, and nearly touching each other's head, then suddenly straightening up to their original position, the chant of the leader going on monotonously all the while, gave another word, which was also repeated three times. With the first they threw their hands above their heads as high as they could; with the second repetition of the word, they all clapped their hands together above their heads, sharply with one movement and one sound, so simultaneous was it; and with the third repetition, they all join hands again with a clap to begin again, the two swaying motions to the right, and to the left, very rapid, but in perfect time. The effect of the scene was not a little enhanced by the weird, monotonous chant. After this had gone on to bodily exhaustion, a new dance was introduced, a *pas seul*, or Nautch dance. As there was only one woman in the village that could dance it, she did it alone, although it is generally done by three or four performers. It consisted of a violent swaying and swinging of the body to and fro, wriggings and contortions, as if she were made of india rubber, and all to the fast wild music furnished by the girls of the previous dance, who stayed in the semi-circle, chanting the music that furnished the time. When at last this was over, the curtain fell, *i. e.*, the fire was allowed to burn itself out. The performers of the "*corps de ballet*" returned to the village. We turned into our beds, and the night was given up to the Arab dogs, who rendered it truly hideous, murdering sleep.

In the morning, after an early breakfast, we sallied out for Jordan and the Dead Sea. About two hours' ride over the dismal desert-plain again; the ghostly features of last evening have fled away before the strong beams of the hot sun, but all is dead and solemn, as lifeless and still as last night; not a sign of life anywhere, of human or bird or beast, or grass or flower, tree or shrub—all is blank desolation. A ride of two hours through these cheerless scenes brought us at last to the Dead Sea. At this north end, the shore, from the mountains of Moab, on the east, to the hills of Judah, on the west, is semi-circular, like the Bay of Naples, and almost as pretty, in its own way. The beach is of fine gravel and sand, and is covered here and there by driftwood, logs, and old trunks of trees, cast up by the wind

and waves, but the want of life, animal or vegetable, gives it a strange look, while there seems in the very air a something felt—unseen, but oppressive to the mind—as of *something unholy* resting under an eternal curse.

The view down the lake, and on either side, is inexpressibly grand and beautiful. The towering mountains on the left, reflecting in the water many a craggy peak and indistinct form of overhanging rock, whose bold and rugged outlines are contrasted now and then by many a retiring glen and deep defile, while bits of color here and there of red rocks of deep brown, or ochre-colored escarpment, give relief and variety to the picture, which, altogether, is seldom rivalled in more frequented resorts where Nature is sought out and worshipped. On the right, rose the more sober colored, gray hills of Judah, while, over the whole, nature has thrown a purple-hued veil of haze, which softens the ruggedness and enchants the eye.

The Dead Sea is said to be still and motionless, but it is not true, as the trunks of trees, and other débris, thrown far up upon the beach, by the force of wind and rains, amply show. The waves to-day, under the force of the wind, were coming rolling in with considerable strength. The day was hot. The ride across the heated plain had been fatiguing, and the temptation to throw oneself into the lake for a swim was too great to be resisted. Seeking the friendly shelter of an old tree, thrown up on the beach, for a bathing-house,—no more is needed in this wild, unfrequented place

—I was soon breasting the quick, light rollers coming in, with the most exquisite sensation of delight,—it was so odd and strange. I floated high up out of the water, without the least motion of hands or legs, like a duck in its native element, and went bobbing up and down on the waves like a cork. The water, too, owing to the inordinate amount of salt it held in solution, felt soft, smooth, and slippery to the skin. Sink I could not, do what I would, and to proceed in any direction it was only necessary to make two or three motions of the arms alone, and away you glided, with all the ease of a fish.

The water was perfectly clear. I tasted it. The only difference was that it was more salty, stronger, and more bitter than any I had ever tasted involuntarily before, when swimming in the sea. It appeared to me like a large interior lake of fresh water, fed by the Jordan and many springs, and so strongly impregnated with salt from salt beds below, as to be the heaviest, and consequently the most buoyant sheet of water in the world. It is indeed a brine strong as is used in pickling meat, holding as much salt in solution, as water is capable of, and nothing more. Of course if it gets into your eyes, or the skin is chapped or broken from riding in the sun, its contact produces a burning sensation, but there is no sign of bitumen that I could discover, and all the travellers' tales, speaking of its dread and mysterious qualities, are "tra-

vellers' tales" simply. If it were more accessible it would soon have a grand *hotel des bains* on its beach, and it would become a famous sea-side bathing place.

"For those to swim who never swam before,

And those who always swam, to swim the more.

It is true there is no life or living thing in or around it, animal or vegetable. How could there be? There is nothing to support life on the plain, therefore life has deserted it, and the water is so salt that no fish can live in it, or any forms of salt-water life. No birds frequent it, because there is nothing in the water or on the land for them to live upon, and that is all of mystery there is to be seen or known in or about the Dead Sea, always excepting the strange unholy air that pervades the place and the mysterious fate of those seven cities of the plain, whose destruction Lot witnessed, and of whose end and whereabouts the Dead Sea is suspected of knowing more than it will tell. Are they buried in its almost unfathomable depths, a thousand fathoms below its smiling bosom? Who can tell? The Dead Sea will not, until it gives up its dead.

Reluctantly retiring from the water, and promising myself to come back later in the afternoon for an evening dip, I came out to find that my dragoman and Arab guard had made a sheltered tent for me to dress in, in lieu of a bathing-machine, by hanging a large blanket on the limbs of the old tree that had served me as an open bathing house before. Its only necessity was shelter from the wind. With many a lingering look behind me, I rode away towards Jordan's Ford, but with better luck than Lot's wife, who got left behind for looking back. Two hours' steady riding brought us to the old ford where John baptised, and where pilgrims have dipped from time immemorial. The place was fully occupied now by my Russian pilgrim friends, who had travelled down there that morning about two hundred strong. They were standing in the water, pouring it on each other's heads with many a blessing and benediction, old and young of both sexes. All coarse, common peasants, some clad in bathing gowns, and some simply in the suit of tanned leather that nature had provided them with. Avoiding them and walking down the bank through the thick fringe of willow, alder, and clinging vines that bordered the whole course of the river, I soon came to a cool, secluded nook, where a large, old alder tree threw a large limb horizontally out over the water, for a distance of ten or twelve feet, and about a foot or two above the surface, and seemed to offer a safe bathing place. My guide had much opposed my going in elsewhere than at the bathing-place, but the Russians occupying that, of course I could not use it. The river elsewhere is so narrow, deep and swift, as to be most treacherous, and many a life has been lost in it, in trying to bathe elsewhere than at the ford; but having succeeded in



The Dead Sea.



Elisha's Fountain.

losing my guide and getting away from him into this charming spot, and feeling a strong wish to have a fresh water bath to wash away the salt of the Dead Sea, I was not long in slipping into the water again, which was far over my head, and grasping tightly the friendly protecting old branch, I was soon quite out beyond my depth, and in a strong current, carrying my feet down the stream. Slipping out to the very end of my branch, I found it a most convenient spring-board to plunge down feet foremost with, holding on to the bough with my hands till the water was far above my head, but still I could not touch the bottom with my feet. It must have been 12 or 15 feet in depth there, the river being much swollen by recent rains. The elastic spring of the old bough brought me up again in turn. It was so delightful that I repeated it three times, going down and down, with the water gurgling in my ears and over my head, coming up again with a spring and rebound like a see-saw. On coming up the third time I suddenly remembered that Elisha directed Naaman to dip seven times in the River Jordan and he should be cleansed from his leprosy. So down I went again and again four times more, with another one for luck, finding it perfectly delicious after my long ride that hot day; then regaining the bank, I saw my trusty dragoman, George Abraham, and the Arab guard, Mohammed, anxiously peering through the bushes at me, where they had followed me, fearing an accident. After enjoying the water a few minutes longer, I came out by the aid of the good alder, dressed, and went back to our camp, where dinner on the grass was spread, with delightful hot coffee just prepared. I think it was the best meal I ever ate. After it was finished, while dragoman and guard were taking theirs, I wandered some distance down the banks. Everywhere the same narrow, muddy Jordan, of the color and consistency of pea-soup, running between low banks, fringed on either side by the dense thicket of climbing vines and low-growing trees, completely hiding the river till you are through them and right upon it; no open space anywhere. No wonder Naaman indignantly cried: "Are not the rivers of Damascus finer and better than all the rivers of Israel?" For the Jordan is a river not fair to look upon. Not over sixty feet in width, in its usual course, but deep, swift and treacherous, with oozy bottom, full of snags and holes for the unwary.

On my return to camp, I found it too late to go back to the Dead Sea again that day and then to the hotel, four hours of weary riding, while it was only a two hours' ride from our camp to the hotel, so I was reluctantly compelled to give up the Dead Sea again that day, so we struck our camp and returned to Jericho. In the evening I rode up to Old Jericho and the fountain of Elisha, passing several Bedouin tents and encampments on the way, and unimportuned at every camp for "backsheesh." There I found a camp of English travellers, on their way to the "other side of Jordan." Further inquiries proved them to be a gentleman, a Mr. G. — H. —, and wife, whom I had met at Shepherd's Hotel, at Cairo, and whose acquaintance I had made in travelling together with them to Port Said. We were highly pleased to meet each

other again in the desert. They shewed me their camp, which was furnished them by Cook's people; a fine large tent, with two luxurious beds for sleeping; a large dining tent for dining in, and a larger tent for kitchen and stores, and his men to sleep in—three large tents in all, with the Union Jack proudly floating from his private tent, which was well supplied with easy chairs and many other comforts. The retinue was composed of a dragoman and five or six servants, three riding horses, five pack horses and mules, and the Sheik and five armed guards, with their horses, making about fourteen persons and seventeen horses and mules, costing altogether, with provisions and all necessaries for board, service, and travel, four pounds a-day while on the west side of Jordan, and five pounds a-day on the east side, with a supplement of thirty shillings a-day for Sheik and guard, almost as cheap as a man and his wife can live at the Grand Hotel, London, in a fair suite of apartments. They were going to Ramoth Gilead, and on up to Damascus, a two weeks' trip.

Saying a final "good-bye," for it is unlikely we shall meet again, I return to Jericho for another night of howling dogs, unrest and discomfort, returning the next day to Jerusalem, over the same road, with, of course, nothing new to describe, but looking forward to a trip the next day to Mar Saba and Hebron, with a taste of convent hospitality, in lieu of modern hotels and Arab dogs. But this must go into another letter.



Sheepwashing at the Old Ford of the Jordan, Place Christ's Baptism by John, and Pilgrims' Bathing Place.



Aceldama (Potter's Field.)

HOTEL DE MEDITERRANEE

JERUSALEM, May 3rd, 1888.

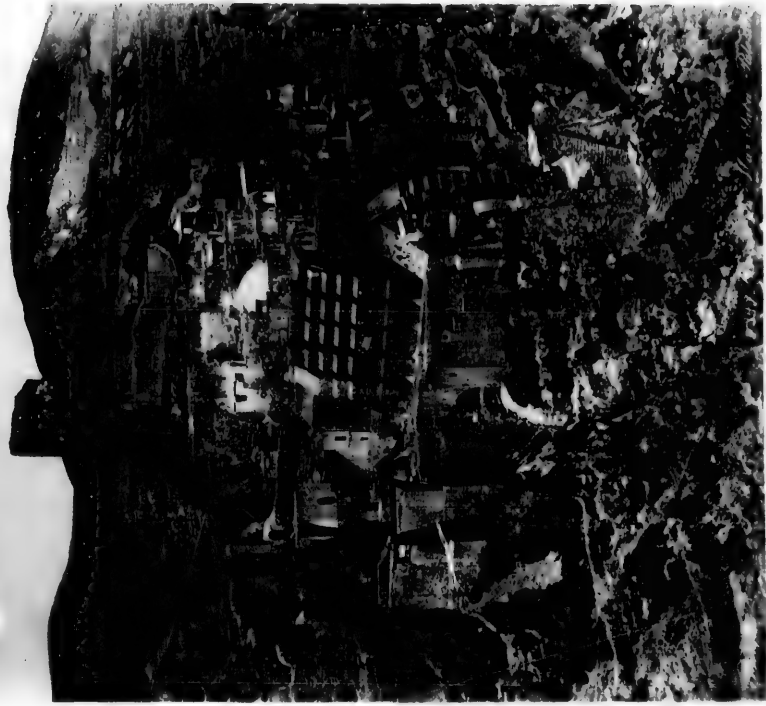
DEAR C——,

Early Thursday morning dragoman Abraham (or Father of David), myself, and muleteer Haam, bringing up the rear, with camp equipage, and provisions, "three persons and three horses—" might have been seen," as G. P. R. James used to remark in beginning his novels—filing down the valley of Hinnom, from the Jaffa gate, having successfully run the gauntlet of the rows of lepers, and winding through the gorge of the Aceldama above the Pool of Siloam, taking the pilgrim route to Mar Saba. These paths over the mountains are decidedly bad. No work seems ever to have been done upon them. The Romans were the first road builders, and pre-eminent therein, but the people of the East were ever above such civilizational luxuries, and all the great routes as well as the lesser ones were ever as nature made them. In a rocky, hilly country like this, it is very fatiguing both for beast and rider to travel them. The horses swiry and strong, climb these mountain paths like goats, and are almost as sure-footed. One of the worst paths I have seen is this to Mar Saba, dreary, desolate, and wild,—not a green thing to rest the eye upon. This lonely mountain desert is almost wholly void of interest. Now and then a fine view of the Dead Sea is obtained, or a quaint, lonely Arab encampment, with their low, dark tents huddled together, and that is all.

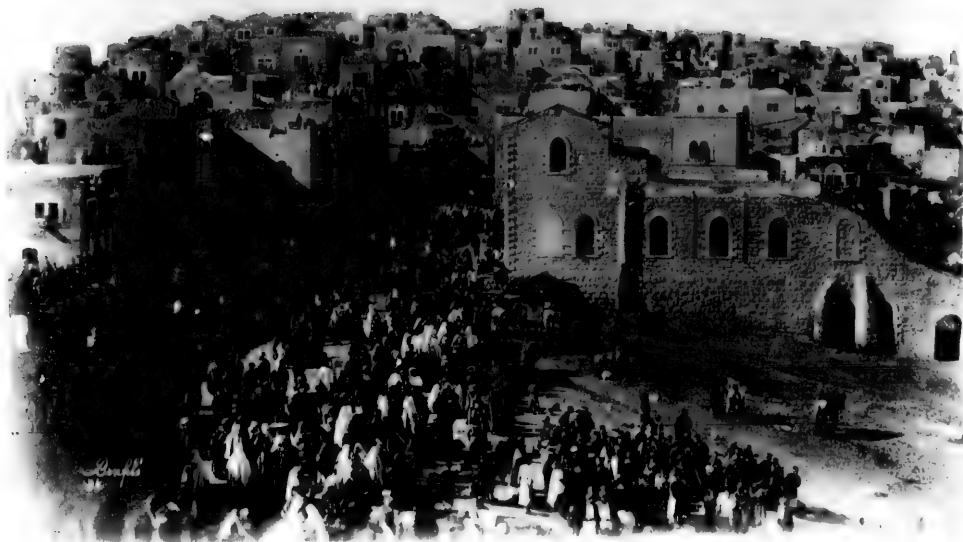
These Arabs are very interesting to me. I imagine I can see in them the remains of an ancient, grand race now degraded; like the pyramids and the temples they seem to me fragments and remnants of a former high civilization. Though poor and shabby, the air and manner with which they will draw themselves up haughtily, wrapping the few unseemly rags with which they are clothed, about their persons, with all the dignity and lofty self-possession of a Caesar, wrapping his mantle about his head, and sinking at the feet of Pompey's statue, under the blows of a Brutus. There is a proud and gracious dignity and ease in their carriage, and finer heads than many of the desert Arabs have, or cast in a more classic mould, would be hard to find in all the sculpture of Athens, or Rome. Often you will meet the most aristocratic, distinguished-looking features. Noble brows, finely formed heads, set on their shoulders with such distinguished appearance, as to cause you to turn and look again with wistful wonder. Their language, too, the Arabic, is the fullest and richest in the world, and best adapted of any other for finest prose or smoothest poetry. The grace with which they utter so often that word "tu fuddal" (thou art welcome), with suitable action, is quite charming. I cannot help but think them of older lineage than the Jews, and more honorable; they are totally unlike them both in

feature and character, and it seems impossible that they are descendants of Ishmael, half brother of Isaac, the great Jewish ancestor. But if, as these traces seem to indicate, they are of high ancient lineage, with some of that blood still coursing through their veins, their fall has been great, and their degradation seems complete in all but remnants of spirit and honor—"tu fuddal."

Lunching and pursuing our dreary way, we arrived at last at Mar Saba in the twilight. This old monastery should be seen first by twilight or moonlight to catch all the weird effect it is capable of. Its monastery was founded by St. Saba, it is said in the fifth century, and has as much the appearance of a strong fortress as of a monastery. No doubt in those days, and even until quite late times, strength and means of defence against foreign or Bedouin attack were highly necessary, and even with all its strength, it has been sacked and partially destroyed several times. I was shown a chapel where the sides were lined by iron-barred receptacles, through whose bars could be seen thousands of bones, and hundreds of skulls of monks of the monastery, and hermits who lived in cells in the adjoining cliffs, killed by an expedition of Persians in the thirteenth century. Built half in the rock, half clinging to the sides of the gorge of the valley of the Kedron, here, deep, narrow and tortuous, the effect is novel in the extreme. This gorge in the mountains through which the Kedron passes on its way to the Dead Sea, is at this place very narrow and deep with almost perpendicular sides, like the gorge of Niagara below the falls, but more perpendicular, more bold and rocky, and deeper. About midway between the top and bottom is perched the monastery, half excavated out of the cliff, and half built on projecting ledges. Knocking at the iron door of the outer wall some way below the top of the cliff, to which we have descended, and showing our permit from the Greek patriarch in Jerusalem to pass the night there, we were admitted without further delay, and walked down a staircase cut in the rock to the monastery itself below. This permit will only allow gentlemen the hospitality of the place, ladies never being admitted. Passing chambers and cells cut in the rock with a narrow door and one little window looking out, each the chamber of a monk or friar, you come at last to a small plateau of rock on which the chapel is built, directly below which are the pilgrims' regions. There happened to be no other pilgrims there that night, so I had the grand room all to myself. A table in the centre for my dragoman to spread his provisions upon, an oil lamp hanging over it, and all around the apartment, about 16 feet by 24 in dimensions, ran a low, broad stone divan, covered with cushions and pillows and rugs, which, with a heavy, thick, stuffed comforter furnished by the monks at bed-time, serving the pilgrim for his bed, comprised all the furniture of the room. No charge is made for this convenience to pilgrims, but you may leave with the monk in charge of the apartment whatever you like for the general purposes of the monastery, and to defray the cost of those too poor to pay. As it was the dinner hour of the monastery, I asked that a monk's portion should be sent to my table.

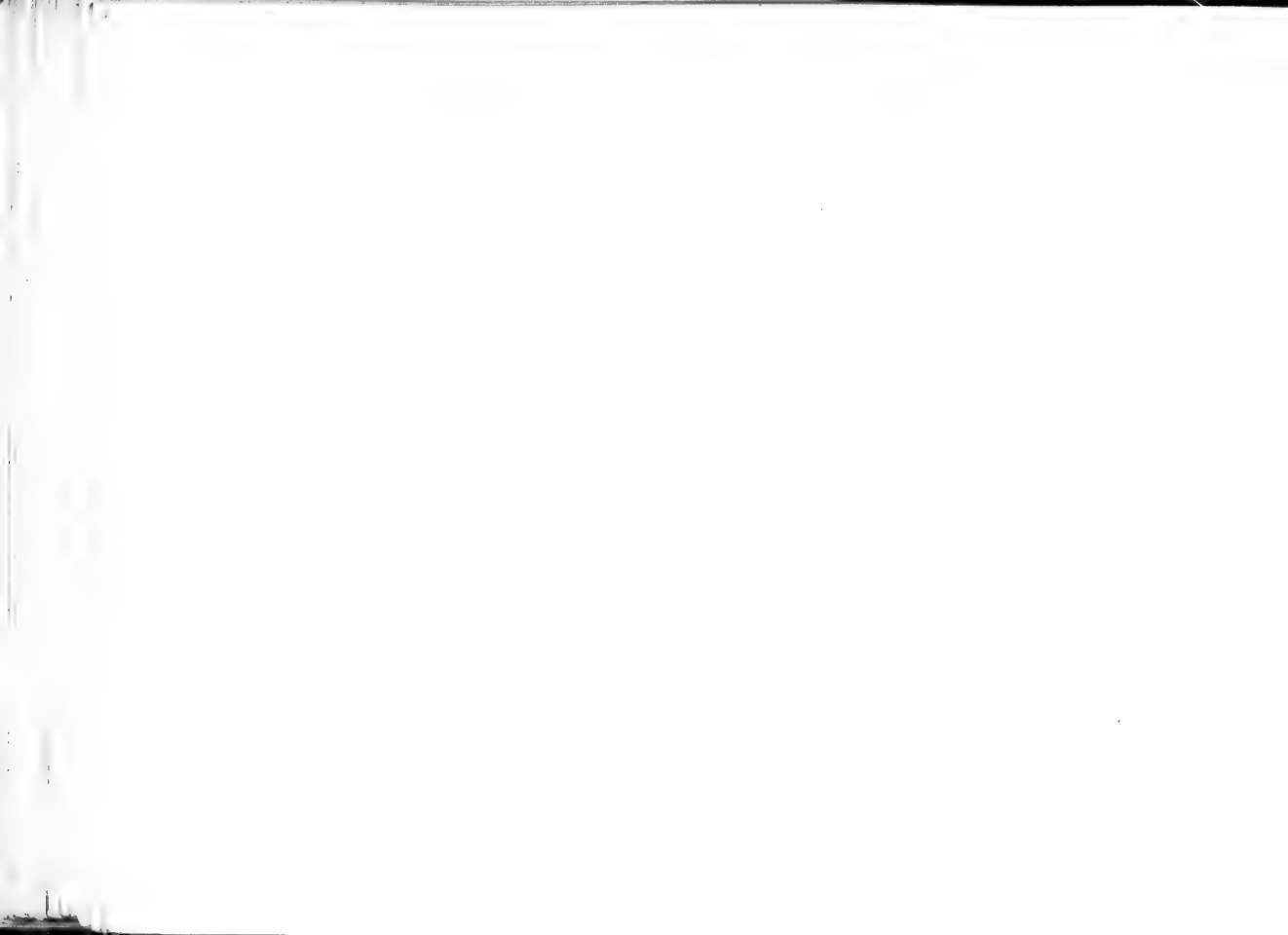


Mar-Saba.



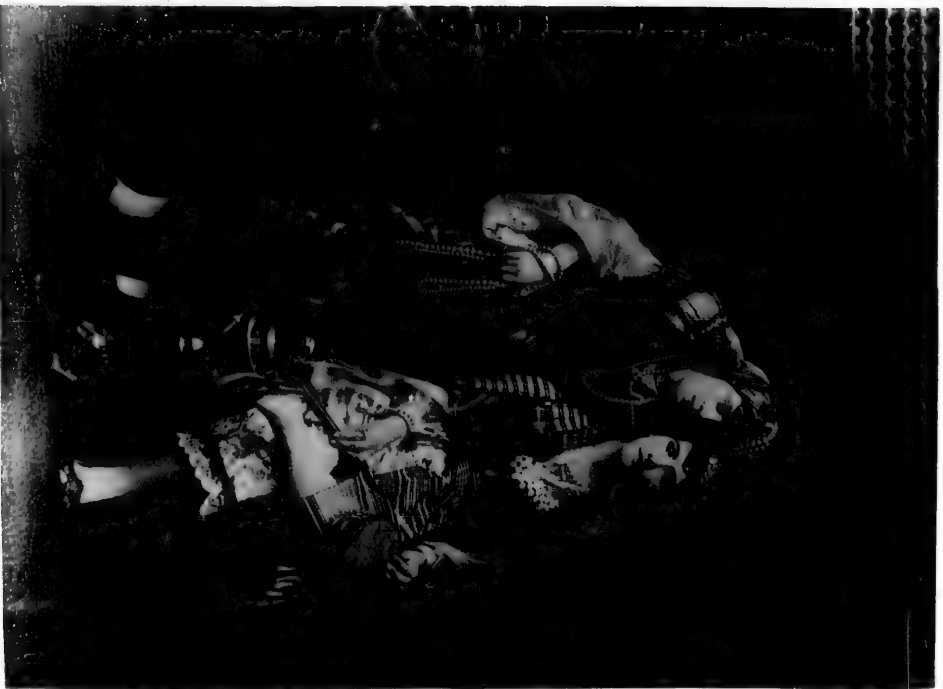
Bethlehem, and Russian Pilgrims visiting it.







The Sullana



Life in the Forum

You can have that if you wish. [When it came it consisted of a small loaf of black bread, gritty, sour and distasteful, and a large mess of boiled Indian corn with the hulls on, with no other seasoning than a little salt, just the sort of food that farmers at home give to an ailing horse or cow. I asked if a bottle of wine could be sent to me, and a very fat bottle of full, sweet Greek wine was accordingly furnished, seeing doubtless that I meant to pay full value for all I received. The bottle of wine was good, but was the only redeeming feature, and I gladly fell back upon my dragonian's tores. After dinner I mounted by another staircase to the flat roof of my little bedroom to smoke a cigarette and get the view by night. The effect was most charming. Far below my dizzy perch, straight as a plummet down, seeming further in the darkness than it really was, ran the bed of the Kedron, now dry, while above me and on each side were corridors and winding staircases in every direction, leading to apartments dug in the rock, refectories, and many a cell of monk from whose window a light came, while the occupant within was counting his rosary upon his bended knees, or telling over Ave Marias or Pater Nosters in a dreamy way.

The effect of all these lights coming out of the solid face of the rock was most curious and novel. Just then a clock in the church tower tolled forth two. "What! two o'clock! What kind of time is that?" I asked of my dragonian. "Oh!" said he, "though a Greek monastery, they keep Arabic time. It begins with sunrise, and ends with sunset, for the hours of the day; and begins again with sunset, and ends with sunrise, for the hours of the night. It has just struck the second hour of the night, which means in our time 9 P.M. At the fifth hour," continued my dragonian, "our midnight, the chapel bell will ring for midnight mass, and every occupant of these cells will, unless ill, sally out, book in hand, chaunting the service, and go to chapel in procession, to there chaunt a mass till the sixth hour, or 1 A.M. So if they wake you, don't think it is morning."

Exactly at midnight I was awakened by the chapel bell ringing out loud and clear for the midnight mass, and faintly I heard the tramping footsteps and chaunting voices of the monks going to chapel, and for some time after their voices rising and falling, now strong, now faint, as the mass went on, but I do not think I heard it all, for I had ridden a long day's ride that day. Poor monk! With his black bread and boiled Indian corn messes, and his midnight masses, with prayers and beads between, I am glad I am not in his place, I thought, as I dropped off to sleep again.

That it is not always peace and harmony in this place, or that the rigorous regimen of fasting and praying have entirely reduced their spirits to subjection, and utterly rooted out the old Adam forever, is quite evident, now and then, by little incidents escaping, that cannot be hushed or suppressed.

The new Greek Patriarch, who has come lately into the Diocese of Jerusalem, discovered shortly that the monasteries and convents had been heaping up money there from rents and sales, and even lending it out again at usury. He immediately fell to, in zealous wrath, and overturned the tables of the money-changers and those who sold produce, and confiscated their money, and used it for increasing the convents for the support of the poor, and the general purposes of the church, scolding them severely for their worldliness, and telling them that the love of money, or heaping it up, was the root of all evil, and that monks and friars, nuns and sisters of mercy, and all those who love to follow Christ, have no need of money. It caused a great deal of dissatisfaction among them all, especially taking the money. Some insubordination followed, and one of the boldest of the malcontents was ordered into exile out of Jerusalem. He asked to be sent to this place, but that was denied him, and he was sent to the convent at Gilgal, in the desert of Jericho.

Last week the Patriarch, while on a visit to Gilgal, was informed that this refractory Luther had actually been detected in setting a net in the Jordan, and keeping it there, for the taking of fish, which he sold to pilgrims for money, perhaps to run away with. On being brought before the Patriarch for discipline again, after hearing a few words, he rushed away to his cell; returning directly in a rage, drew from the pocket of his gown a six-chambered revolver, and began rapidly firing while advancing upon the Patriarch. Before he could be stopped, he had fired three shots, one of which took effect in the Patriarch's arm, from which he is still suffering. He was at once excommunicated, his gown taken off, a guard of Turkish soldiers sent for, and he was removed to Jerusalem, where he now lies in prison, awaiting his trial before a Moslem court.

Notwithstanding the hardness of my couch of stone and the midnight mass, I had a better rest than is possible in Jerusalem, with its seventy-nine distinct and different smells, each one worse than the other, its "noise of revelry by night" among the cats on the roof, and the howling of dogs, the perpetual clanging all the night through of bells for masses at midnight and all other hours, so that the quiet of only one monastery and only one mass was quite an agreeable change.

Rising early, the view from my window overhanging the gulf below, was wild and most charming. Above and around me, on each side, were innumerable staircases, and holes in the rock fitted with a door and window, within which a monk was sure to be found, wrapt in meditation or conning over his daily round of prayer or lesson. Across the gulf, on the opposite side, the face of the cliff was honeycombed with the broken remains of hundreds of cells of hermits who formerly swarmed in the rock, and whose skulls now grin at you through the bars of the charnel receptacle of the chapel.

After breakfasting on our own provisions, discouraged from further efforts in that direction with the monks, and taking my coffee without milk, for even that useful and common article of diet cannot be had here, and by the way, a few experiences of this sort have made me much to doubt whether coffee, properly made, as it is here, is not better without milk, which disguises the flavor and takes away entirely the aroma of the Arabian berry, I sallied out with the particular monk assigned to my service, to view the church. It is very pretty, but, like all Greek churches, over-loaded, though it has some silver ornaments, especially a silver statue of the Virgin, very tastefully executed.

Horses and camp equipage being now ready and waiting, I said good-bye to my hosts, after leaving in their hands about twice as much money as I would ordinarily pay at a hotel for much better accommodation, passed out again through the iron gate unlocked for us by a porter staggering under an immense iron key as large and as long as a table leg, and took up our way again with some regret at leaving this peaceful place and its quiet life.

From here to Bethlehem the way lay over a wild, mountainous desert, at times without even the semblance of a path, while every deep glen with its slight attempts at greenness was tenanted by Bedouins, Arabs, and their camps, swarming with women and children, especially the latter, together with camels, cows, donkeys, dogs, down even to the "wicked flea," dwelling together promiscuously. Passing near one of them and stopping for a moment, I was again greeted by the gracious "tu fuddal" thou art welcome, and urged to enter and partake of their hospitality, but with an equally gracious but more emphatic shake of the head, and a "No thank you," we took our departure with repeated cries of "backsheesh" following us as far as voice could reach.

Nearing Bethlehem, this time from the North, I was much more favorably impressed with it. As we passed over the plains on which the shepherds were feeding their flocks in the night when the army of angels appeared to them, and announced the birth of the Saviour of the world. The slopes and valleys were literally covered with flocks and herds feeding in the care of hundreds of boys and girls and women. Camels, cows, horses, donkeys, goats, like a moving mass covered the plains. I had not imagined before that there were so many cattle in all Palestine. It was a cheerful scene, but quaint, reminding me somehow of the energy and life of our own country, for generally everything here seems dead and lifeless. It was the time of the lentil harvest, and many were engaged in it. This cereal in appearance resembles flax, and is harvested by pulling it up by the roots like flax. It is properly a bean, and bears a small, circular, flat seed, smaller than a pea, enclosed each one in a pod by itself. It is very nutritious, and is much used in the country for food.

and has been ever since Esau sold his birth-right for a mess of it. My dragoman promised me some of it for that night at the Greek convent of Hebron where we were to sleep, and that, too, at a much less price than Esau paid.

Approaching Bethlehem from this direction, we passed by hills covered with olive trees, healthy and well tended; large districts entirely devoted to the culture of the olive, which really is a beautiful tree when seen in perfection, and a study for an artist, when old and gnarled. We passed through large, well-kept vineyards, enclosed by good stone walls, plantations of fig, almond, and pomegranate trees, all healthy and well cared for; the land clean and well-tilled; the half-ripe fruit shining through the glossy foliage; then, as we mounted the last hill overlooking Bethlehem, a fine panorama burst on the view. A large amphitheatre, sloping down into the valley which divides Bethlehem from Beth-Jairan, was dotted with houses and crowded with olive trees from the tops of the hills on either side of the wide valley to the other. The sight was a charming one, and completely redeemed the first bad impressions of the place that I had received.

Alighting from our horses at the Latin convent of the Church of Nativity, for it was high noon, we went at once to the pilgrims' apartment, carrying our provisions with us. The latter were not so necessary here as at the Greek convent, this being a Latin one, and far superior to the Greek ones in comfort and everything that pertains to civilization. Here you may have a chamber to yourself, instead of sleeping in a common room with other pilgrims, often very dirty, if of the Greek persuasion. Here, too, you can have a decent, comfortable, Christian bed, instead of a stone divan, to sleep upon. Here you will find a comfortable "salle à manger" hung round with pictures of saints and martyrs, some of considerable merit, and a table, clean, tidy—all most invitingly clean. Here you may have coffee, with milk from the refectory, and eggs, and wholesome, well-made soup, or anything else that you wish to call for, served with a smiling welcome and grace that always distinguishes the Latin race from all others.

Having dined like a prince, and paid in my contribution to the poor fund of the convent, we again took up our course for Hebron.

These convents, both Latin and Greek, and Armenian as well, are really doing a great deal of good, scattered throughout the country as they are. They are a great convenience to the poor pilgrim. Any pilgrim may receive, on application to the patriarch, a permit to enter one of the convents, and to be entertained with board such as it is, and lodging free for one night or several nights, but the limit is two weeks. He may give or not, as he is able. For many it is impossible to make any return, and it is known on their entrance, but they are always treated kindly. While the convents



Hebron (El Khelil.)



Abraham's Oak.

profess to treat all alike—the rich who, it is known, will leave a gift, and the poor who, it is as well known, cannot. Still they do make a difference. They will send the rich pilgrim, attended by dragoon and retinue, a special dish or a bottle of wine, which is never offered to the poor pilgrim coming dusty and afoot. It is not good for them, besides it is against the rules and discipline of the monastery. Pilgrims must only expect such as the monks receive themselves. But I have my doubts, however, on this last point.

Leaving Bethlehem in an hour, we passed Solomon's Pools, three large dry docks of stone, where the largest man-of-war could float. There is little about them of special interest. They were constructed by Solomon for reservoirs, whose waters were conducted into Jerusalem by aqueducts and pipes and syphons to keep full the pools of Bethesda, Gethsemane and Hezekiah, as well as the immense underground cisterns of the temple.

Leaving these behind us, we began to climb the mountains again, for the highway of Hebron is only finished to this point, from this side, though from Hebron this way, it is finished for a much longer distance, and well built, too. There are only about five or six miles unfinished, but well advanced in construction, so that next year one may roll luxuriously in a carriage from Jerusalem to Hebron, over as fine a road as is anywhere to be found. Traversing this gap, the country seems to grow finer as we go down into the valley of Hebron and on to the plains of Mamre. Vineyards, and fig trees, and almond, and the pomegranate reappear, for this is the valley of Eschol, from whence the two spies returned bearing "one branch of grapes suspended on a staff between them, for it was so great and heavy."

A little over an hour from Hebron we came to the Moslem village of Hulhul, where there is a large mosque, said to cover the tomb of the prophet Jonah. The very house where he lived and his vineyard is shown by the Moslems, and the fountain by the roadside, called "Jonah's Fountain," which, according to Moslem tradition, the prophet is said not to have much resorted to, or used himself, except to mix with the wine which he made to sell. The Moslems say that Jonah was not a great prophet, and could not make even small profits to fuddle out of his vineyards, because he was his own best customer. So things went badly, till at last he was sold up for debt. Land, house, vineyards, all had gone, as some said "down the prophet's throat." Shortly after this he disappeared, and after an absence of about two years, reappeared, poorer, shabbier than before, without even a shekel to treat himself or a friend to a bottle with. Some of his old cronies gathered around him again, and in long summer evenings used to draw him out, regarding the adventures of his two years' absence, with the aid of some bottles of his old favorite vintage. It was noticed that late in the evening his story would sometimes vary in most important particulars, after three or four bottles. He would then at times most solemnly declare and stoutly

insist that it was *he* who swallowed the whale, and not the other way about—very like a whale that! However, making all due and proper allowances, the Moslems say that the Jewish account is in the main correct. The Jews and native Christians say that this is all Moslem rubbish and false tradition, and that Jonah was never there at all, nor near there, and that they, the Moslems themselves, have confounded some miserable, disreputable prophet of their own with Jonah, or that they are trying to steal the name and character of Jonah to rechristen and rehabilitate some unworthy Moslem prophet to give more *adit* to their village. For a village in this land, unconnected with any prophet or miracle, is of very small account. No doubt the Jews and native Christians are right in their account, and it is very doubtful if the real Jonah was ever there at all. But his tomb is there all the same, with a fine mosque over it, and no Jew or Christian is allowed to come near it now, for it is holy ground.

Leaving this disputed ground behind, we now passed through some of the finest cultivated country in all Palestine, the Vale of Hebron through which runs the brook Eschol, where the spies sent out from Moses came "and cut down from thence a branch with one cluster of grapes and they bare it between them two on a staff." The vineyards we pass are the finest and the vines the stoutest and strongest grown I have ever seen. I am told that the grapes grown here are the finest, and largest in the world.

The soil is red in color and of a fine, warm, gravelly character, soft and well tilled. Figs, almond, and pomegranate trees abound on every side, and all the fields are enclosed by good, substantial stone fences. In those old days, according to the report of the spies, "dwelt giants there," "Sons of Anak," "and we were in sight as grass-hoppers," "and so we were in their sight." Tradition goes further still. It says of Og, King of Bashan, that the soles of his feet were forty miles long, and that the waters of the deluge reached only to his ankles. He was one of the antediluvian giants escaped the general destruction, and comes into history again as Eliezer of Damascus, Abraham's servant. Abraham was only the size of seventy-four men, yet could scold most terribly when in a passion. Under his reprimand, Og, or Eliezer, trembled so violently that one of his double teeth dropped out, which the patriarch took and made an ivory bed of for himself, and ever after slept upon it. When Moses, who was ten yards high, attacked this same Og, at this time King of Bashan, he seized an axe ten yards in length, and jumping ten yards high, struck the giant with all his might, just above the ankle. Any of the old sheiks here will tell you all this and more, too, of the same sort, how Abraham tamed this unruly servant into obedience on the plains of Mamre.

Leaving tradition behind us, we pursue our way again through pleasant, leafy lanes, up to the new Russian-Greek

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convent on the hill just outside Hebron, overlooking town, valley, plain, and pleasant vine-covered, and olive-crowned hill to where we are to pass the night. It is kept by two sisters from Nazareth, with one or two servants. The place being new and just opened, no other persons are yet living there, but they entertain any and all pilgrims who may claim their hospitality. The younger sister was rather pretty, with dark blue eyes, and had two long braids of soft brown hair hanging down her back, German-like, both of the peasant class. They readily agreed to fulfil my dragoman's promise of lentil soup for supper.

Shortly one of them came to my room and offered me a few acorns from Abraham's oak, which still stands, it is said in the garden of this convent. Every convent, like every mosque, is built on some memorable Scripture site, in commemoration of some event. This tree is a fine old baluta or evergreen oak, and the sole successor of what must have been in Abraham's time a magnificent grove of oaks sprinkled over the plain. It is a study for an artist in its fine, gnarled, rugged beauty, about twenty-six feet in girth at the ground, three feet above which it divides into three great stems or trunks which are each as large as an ordinary oak. It covers with its branches a diameter of over ninety feet, and under its shade is held many a Jewish picnic, or pilgrim company's lunch, who come here to reverently eat, or dry its leaves and twigs, or happily an acorn, if such a prize is to be found. Of course it is the only last surviving successor of the tree under which Abraham entertained the three angels. Its age is probably between four hundred and six hundred years. Still a very large portion of pilgrims believe it to be the original and veritable tree of Abraham's time. Sooner or later it must go, for there are evident signs of gradual decay, and with it will disappear the last vestige of the grand old oaks that once dotted this plain, the special qualities of soil necessary to the growth and reproduction of these oak being now exhausted. Supper is now announced, and I go like Esau to my red pottage, for I was faint with my long day in the saddle. It had a peculiar flavor like pea-soup. This lentil is half the living to the tent-dwellers and town-dwellers as well. They told me it was good for sleep. Whether owing to that, or the day's ride, I slept; indeed one could hardly help but sleep in this clean, quiet convent, with its orderly, grave, old-time manners of the East. For instance, it was chilly and cold, and I asked for a little fire. An earthen furnace of the same form as the ancient patriarch used, was sent to me full of burning charcoal, just as was done in the time of Abraham. My basin was of fine, old chased silver, but could only be used in the ancient manner of the East, by the pouring of water by an attendant on one's hands, and allowing the water to fall in the basin, which is so shallow that it could not be used in any other way.

The view from the windows in the morning, while dressing, was lovely in the extreme. Beyond the convent gardens

and the old oak could be seen the valley and town of Hebron below, in the valley and up both sides of the slopes of the hills. There, too, is situated the field of Ephron, the Hittite, and the cave of Machpelah, covered by a mosque.

On the left, stretched the purple-hued mountains of Judea to the Dead Sea, and the old site of the cities of the plain, "to which Abraham got him up early in the morning to the place where he stood before the Lord, and he looked toward Sodom and Gomorrah, and toward all the plain, and beheld and lo the smoke of the country went up as the smoke of a furnace." On the right, the mountains slope away lower and lower to the plains of Philistia, to Gaza and the Mediterranean Sea. The view was superb.

Descending to breakfast at the pilgrims' table d'hôte, and leaving a half-napoleon with the elder sister for the poor fund of the convent, I was surprised at her seizing my hand and quickly kissing it. It is lucky, I thought, that it was not a whole napoleon that I gave her. Then mounting our horses, we made our way down into the town for a nearer view of it, and as much of the tombs of the patriarchs as Moslem fanaticism would allow us to see.

A nearer view of the town was not prepossessing; the narrow, filthy, stone cobbled lanes that served for streets, lined on either side with shops and booths six to eight feet in diameter, the whole stock of each of which could be transported in a wheelbarrow; all sorts of trades carried on openly in the streets; dealers in carpets, dealers in shawls, mixed promiscuously with dealers in green stuff from the gardens, and fish and fruits and nuts, cheek by jowl; with blacksmiths working at their anvils, and tinkers making pans and kettles, alongside of dealers in meat, carving fine, fat carcasses of kid or lamb; while every now and then you must flatten yourself against the wall to allow a loaded donkey or camel to pass, all in a perpetual hub-bub of unintelligible cries, filth under foot, and smells of the vilest character greeting your nose at every turn. Such is the ordinary way of living, and character of street life, in the East, and Hebron is no exception.

Dismounting from our horses, and leaving them in charge of our muleteer at the entrance of the town where several pilgrims' horses and servants were waiting, we proceeded afoot towards the mosque, unattended by our guard, as my dragoman thought that this was better than directing attention to our movements by having one with us, as is the custom, a good deal of trouble having occurred here, not only lately, but for a long time past.

Hebron is a rather turbulent town, of about seven or eight thousand inhabitants, of whom about seven hundred are Jews, and the rest Moslems of the most bigoted kind. There are no Christians living there, and the Moslems are quite inclined to persecute and ill-treat all Christians who come to visit it, both foreign and native. Not long ago an Eng-

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lish officer, coming to see the place where the old patriarchs are buried, was stoned, and quite lately, ex-Governor B. . . of the State of Michigan and party, escorted by the American Consul at Jerusalem, were followed, hooted at, and otherwise insulted, even some stones being thrown by a mob of insulting, fanatical young Moslems, mostly boys, but instigated and encouraged by their elders.

Complaint was made to the Governor of Jerusalem, Raouf Pacha, and so strongly pressed by the Consul here, and by the Minister at Constantinople, that an enquiry was held, and five or six of the ring leaders put in prison for varying terms of two to six months, and the rest of the town strongly cautioned. This, while it may have increased the safety of travelers going there, has not decreased in any way the feeling that has always existed there against Christians. It is said, that their feelings against the Christians is increased by the fact that the town was obliged to raise and send into the Crimea during the war a regiment of soldiers, none of whom ever came back. As we picked our way through the narrow lanes, some idle, scowling loafers, sitting about on their haunches, called after us: "There go the Christians," but none attempted to follow us.

After tramping through the dirty streets quite to the back of the town, we came at last to the mosque, which is the cave of Machpelah. The cave is probably a natural one in the steep side of the hill, and the mosque over it is a large, lofty, unpretentious building, about 80 or 60 feet in height, in front, with an inferior porte or facade. It runs back sloping up hill, following the rise of the ground about two hundred feet to the rear wall, which is only a few feet in height. The principal entrance is by a flight of stone steps running through a corridor up the hill to a door, then turning to the left enters the interior under the dome, directly above the tomb containing Sarcophagi of Abraham and Rachel, Isaac and Rebekah, Jacob and Leah, for as Jacob said, when he was dying and gave his final charge to his family gathered round him, "There they buried Abraham and his wife, There they buried Isaac and his wife, and there I buried Leah."

Only two Christians have ever been allowed to visit this cave, or even to enter the precincts of the mosque, as it is called Haran, or Holy ground. These two persons were the Prince of Wales in 1868, and Dean Stanley at a later date, both by special firman from Constantinople, and protected from the fury and fanaticism of the population, by a strong guard of Turkish soldiers. To them we are indebted for all we know concerning the tomb of the great ancestor of our faith and his sons graves. All previous Moslem accounts were found to be fallacious. The graves are described by them to be hallowed out of the rock in pairs, one upon another, sealed hermetically, and with some worn-out inscriptions upon them

This is not in the style of later Jewish tombs like those of the Kings and the Judges near Jerusalem, which are all in threes, one on each side, and one across the end.

We thought, the hour being early, and no one being visible, that we could, steal our way up the staircase, and get a view of the interior of the mosque before anyone could prevent us, but we had not made sufficient allowance for Moslem vigilance. Scarcely had we got inside the porch, and began quickly mounting the stairs, when suddenly appeared on the landing at the top, coming from the interior, a Moslem keeper, who, first looking appalled at our presumption, began running towards us, fire and fury in his eye. No "tu fuddal" now. Waving us back with his hands and shouting at the top of his voice, "Shoo, shoo, shoo!" as if he were driving away irreligious swine.

I have seen the same thing often in Cairo, Jerusalem, and elsewhere, when I approached a mosque or holy place. Frenzied fear seems to take possession of the keepers, lest that, before I could be made aware of the sacrilege I was about to commit, or that they could prevent me, I should have profaned the place with my presence.

There are some old, abandoned mosques that one can visit here and there by payment of backsheesh, and putting on old slippers over our boots, and one or two mosques in Jerusalem and Cairo that one can get into by special permit, accompanied by an armed guard, to save himself from the violence and fanaticism of the Moslem worshippers.

We pretended ignorance and tried to persuade, even bribe him, but he was inexorable on the one point, and incorruptible on the other. We then tried argument, but he did not seem in a mood for argument, in fact seemed as mad as a hatter, and altogether uncompromising, so we turned back. Outside the porch he seemed to become more reasonable, and showed us a hole in the wall of the mosque, large enough to put one's arm through and touch the outside rock of the cave, through which it could be dimly seen, only the wall of masonry intervening. This is all Jews and Christians are allowed to do and see. Except the two cases referred to above, no Jew or Christian has ever seen more.

Visitors who walk beside the wall of the mosque will find cracks and rents there where devout Jews often place written prayers to the Father of the faithful. The following is a copy of a letter found in one of these chinks:

Widow Passey Gital, the daughter of Keziah Sarah, prays for health, good living, and prosperity; that the fabric of tabithim that she makes, shall be so prosperous as to enable her to pay her husband's debts.

Her daughter, the Virgin Tobiah Rebekah; to educate her to every good action. Her deaf son, Moses Jacob, that he

shall be healed through the mercy of the Lord, and by the privileges of the righteous man, that he may begin to hear and speak aright, and that he may be brought up to every good thing.

Her son Isaac, to bring him up to prosperity and to complete the healing of his body.

Her daughter, Esther Entar, to bring her up to prosperity ; That they may all be delivered from all evil ; That they may be privileged to every good action ; That they may be spared from all epidemics and sicknesses that are going round the world, to all good things.

Referring to the cave of Machpelah, Norman MacLeod says : " This is the only spot on earth which attracts to it all who possess the one creed, ' I believe in one God.' "

The Holy Sepulchre in Jerusalem separates Moslem, Jew, and Christian. Here they assemble together.

The Moslem guards this place as dear, and holy. The Jew from every land draws near to it with reverence and love, and his kisses have left an impression on its stones.

Christians of every kindred, and tongue, and creed, visit the spot with a reverence equally affectionate. And who lies here? A great king and a conqueror? A man famous for his genius or his learning? No ; but an old shepherd who pitched his tent more than four thousand years ago, among these hills, a stranger, and a pilgrim in the land, and who was known only as "*El Khalil*," "the Friend." By that blessed name Abram was known while he lived ; by that name he is remembered where he lies buried, and by that name the city is called after him.

Leaving this inhospitable ground, my dragoman took me quickly around the mosque and up the hill along the west wall, looking nervously behind him from time to time to see if anyone was watching us.

"Where are we going now?" I asked.

"Around to the back of the mosque," he answers, where from the terrace above you can get a view down upon the roof."

"What is the good of that?" I said.

"Oh, everybody does it that can," he replied.

It did not seem very logical or conclusive, but I forbore any more questions, and soon arrived at the rear wall, there about twelve feet high, a further climb of twenty feet or more here presented itself, up a slope down which rubbish had been shot, and donkeys were feeding, and only wild cactus grew upon a sort of terrace, giving a view over the roof of the mosque. As my dragoman, going first, started to run up it, a boy of about sixteen or eighteen years of age, passing by, carrying a jar of water on his head, stopped suddenly, put down his jar, and seizing the dragoman by the skirts of his coat, began pulling him back, begging and commanding, in a frenzy of tears and entreaties, that he should not go up, that it was holy ground, and no Christian should profane it by looking down upon it; that we had no right to do it, and that we knew we were doing wrong, etc. The dragoman struck off his hand and went on his way up, calling me to follow. As I started, he caught me by the arm, but seizing him by the shoulder, I gave him a spin round and went on to join my dragoman.

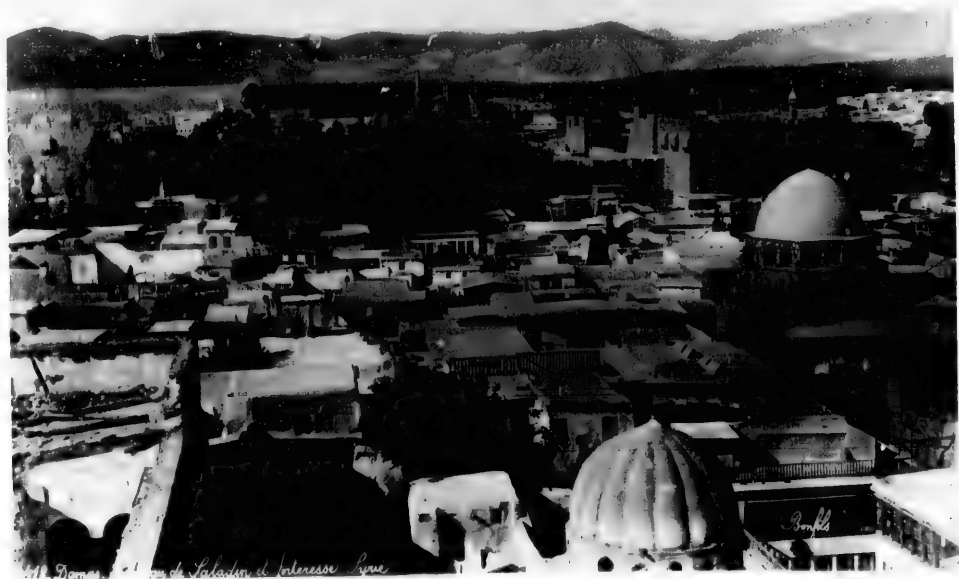
The view was nothing when we got there, only the flat roof, and nothing more. By this time the young fool had followed us to the top, and, in a dreadful rage, was calling us Christian dogs, and swine, and slanging us in the choicest Arabic he could muster. The dragoman was going to punish the young fanatic, but thinking that his cries would bring the whole town about our ears, like a nest of hornets, I ordered him not to try and catch him, for he was careful to keep out of our reach.

Descending again, but by the east side of the mosque this time, we came half-way down, to another porch, with doors standing open, showing another stair-case leading up to the interior from the opposite side. This we entered, too, and found just inside the entrance the tomb of Joseph, or the massive closed doors leading to it. Over the door appeared some inscription in Arabic, which neither I nor the dragoman could make anything of. While thus looking, we heard the same wild yell, and "Shoo! shoo! shoo! shoo!" and saw another Moslem, in his long robe, running down the stairs, waving his hands against us as before, and would not be contented until he got us outside the porch again. There he seemed more disposed towards backsheesh than the other, and said that no Christian was allowed inside the porch or walls of their mosque, but for a backsheesh he would take us to a place where we could look down upon it.

We said we had been there, on which he got into a rage again, saying we had no business there without permission. He got into such a rage, and called us such bad names in Arabic, that I fancied the rubbish heap, covered by cactus and pasture for donkeys, was his own particular perquisite, and that we had cheated him out of something which was worse



Cana of Galilee.



Damascus.

than the sacrilege we had committed. By this time we were ready to quit the place, not having any Arab to bring us back with him.

I may say, in the words of General Gordon, "I like the Mussulman; he is not ashamed of his God, his life is a fairly pure one."

Their extreme fanaticism is a curious thing. Very polite, except when you approach their mosques, seemingly very devout, and in many things showing by their lives, the influence of religion upon their natures. It seems adapted to their wants, but for a higher civilization would fail utterly.

As man in primitive ages drew away from animality towards humanity, in the dawn of reason, he must have felt an irresistible desire to worship something. That first worship undoubtedly was sun worship, the only visible source of life and force. As his mind developed, fetish and ideal worship took its place. They were the representatives of spirit, made by his own hands, it is true, but somehow, not clear in his own mind, inhabited by the spirit he daily invoked after thus being made, and set up.

The next great step in advance, following the development of mind or evolution, was a system of theology such as those of Buddha, Confucius, and Zoroaster, mystical, dreamy, and polytheistic.

Then came Judaism with its monotheistical system, a further advance in light and development, and its Ishmaelistic half brother, Islamism, grafted on both that and Christianity, which was a still higher plane of development, as men ~~are~~ on the scale of intelligence. What the next religion or set of religious views will be for mind is still advancing and developing—no one can tell. There seems no sign of further revelation, so following this order it would seem that a religion of moral and scientific materialism will soon come upon the stage, as the next development. These changes are not uniform and general, it is true, but rise first in soil best adapted to their birth and development.

The central tenet of Islamism is the unity of God. The association of any other person with the Deity is the one mortal sin. Idolatry is to be routed out and images abolished. There is no priesthood in Islam, Mohammed is the prophet through whom God has made the last and perfect revelation of Himself, and the true faith is summed up in a short and decisive creed:

"There is no God but the Lord, and Mohammed is his prophet;" The simple confession of which makes the convert

a Mussulman. The theocratic element of the early Caliphate is preserved more or less in all Moslem lands. The church and state are absolutely one, and as such the chief ruler presides at prayer.

Moolahs—learned doctors—Cadis, or chiefs, are recognized as expounders of the law only. Before Mohammed were many prophets. Such were Noah, Abraham—the friend of God, Moses, David, Solomon (through whom God made revelation from time to time; the last and greatest before Mohammed, was Jesus the Messiah born of a Virgin, “the word from God,” and a Spirit from Him. He wrought miracles, and revealed the Gospel. The Jews intended to crucify him but failed, another being crucified in His stead, and He ascended into Heaven.

The Trinity and Sonship are vehemently denied, as well as the worship of His mother. The books of the Old and New Testament are recognized as authoritative, especially in the earlier parts of the Koran, and are evidently the sources from which Mohammed drew the beginning of his inspirations, but theologians finding these do not correspond with their own revelations, cut the knot, by asserting that they had been corrupted at the hands of the Christians and Jews. The most important tenets of Islamism are, the special Providence of the Deity, extending to the minutest matters and concerns of daily life; the hateful influence of the devil and fallen angels; the existence of a race, between angels and men, called *jinn* or *genii*; the immortality of the soul; and the judgment of good and evil.

The teaching of Mohammed is taken mainly from the Jews, partly from the Christians, partly also from the magians and was engrafted on native worship. It allowed polygamy and slavery, but forbade the use of wine. Salvation is promised to all believers, but even to them the retribution is held of good and evil works. Hell is an endless state, reserved for unbelievers and atheists. Mohammed did no miracle to prove his authority. He pretended to have been taken up in the night by the angel Gabriel and carried away to Jerusalem, and one is shown the imprint of his foot in the rock, where he alighted from his camel on the summit of Mt. Moriah. His religion was a religion of the sword. He tolerated Jews and Christians, but made them pay tribute for denying his prophesy. Heathens and idolators He made no terms with. It was an uncompromising war until they changed their worship, broke their idols, and acknowledged that there was but one God, the Lord over all. There can be no doubt, that with its pure Monotheism, and a code founded in the main on justice and humanity, Islamism raises to a higher pitch races sunk in idolatry and fetichism, like those of Central Africa; and in some respects, notably that of temperance, it materially improves the morality of such a people. But having raised them to a certain point it leaves them there, whether in things secular or things spiritual, there is no advance.

The institution of the veil has not the less checked all civilizing tendencies and rendered rude and barbarous the whole Moslem world. It is impossible for a people, who, contrary to nature, exclude from their outer life the whole of their sex, and who look upon them as inferiors, to rise in the scale of civilization.

There are too many of these long digressions, I know, but religion, theology and ethics are in the very air of the East. Insensibly one finds his thoughts and conversation continually turning to those subjects, especially in Jerusalem. This is the only excuse I have to offer.

"Wisdom, that is, religion, comes from the east," runs the old proverb, and so it is. The east is the cradle and the home of all religions.

Remounting our horses, we were soon on our way back to Jerusalem, leaving with more regret the pleasant valley of the Hittites, and the smiling plains of Mamre, than we could feel in leaving its fanatical, uncivil inhabitants, and at 6 P.M. we were safely back in our old quarters again.

To-day is Sunday, and my last one in Palestine, for to-morrow morning early I must start for Home, with a large H.

The days of my pilgrimage in Holy Land are over, as well as the days of my holidays that I allowed myself in search of "Summer in Winter," which, when found, was unsatisfactory. But I found something better, rest and clearness, and a lot more of ideas (perhaps not of the best), though I found nothing as I expected to find it, and had first to throw away all my preconceived notions.

Travel is the best educator, and always begins by unlearning the learner, who must unlearn much of error before he can begin to learn truth.

"What is truth? What is truth?" asked Pilate, a long time ago, within these very walls. "Truth is the error of to-morrow" more often than anything else.

Over twenty years ago, I read a book written by Dr. Henry Holland, an eminent physician in the England of his day, entitled "Recollections of a Busy Life," in which he recounted his travels in all parts of the world, taken by snatches from his professional life. His clients were rich and fashionable, in the West-end of London, and when they retired for the season's shooting in the country, instead of following them up, or waiting for a stray one at home, he used generously

to give them a chance for their lives, by going away himself for a three months' cruise or trip to foreign lands as far as he could go, coming back again, at the end of his three months' holidays, stronger and happier, completely rejuvenated and ready to take up his work again. He never exceeded his allowance, nor longed for more, but began planning his trip for the next year. When discontented, this was his medicine. I suppose he knew what medicine was worth, and which the best, and that was the medicine he took. He said that any business or professional man could do more work in nine months than in twelve, if three months of the twelve were taken for rest and travel.

I was convinced by his reasoning, and have followed his prescription, and taken his private medicine ever since.

The medicine being all taken now, I must throw away the empty bottle, and set my face resolutely on my backward course to Jaffa, Port Said, London, and Toronto, as fast as steam will carry me, probably arriving on the heels of this letter, but, before going, I will devote this last afternoon to a parting look at the holy places where have been enacted the greatest events the world has ever seen, stupendous in their character, and more than world-reaching in their effects.

First to Golgotha, not the Golgotha of the Latins, Greeks, and Armenians, but the Golgotha of General Gordon and the Protestants. General Gordon rested here eight months, studying the topography of Jerusalem and the neighborhood with the aid of old authorities, charts, maps, and plans, bearing on the subject of Jerusalem as it was in the time of Christ. He fixed the true Golgotha just outside the walls beyond the Damascus gate at the north of the city, upon the summit of a bare, skull-like eminence, overlooking the town. The reasons for this place being the true place of the crucifixion are many and strong. First, it must have been outside the city walls "for there was a tomb in the garden near by belonging to Joseph of Arimathæa." Now it is a well-known fact that neither Romans, nor Jews, nor any other people had public executions, or allowed tombs, or burial places, within their walls. Therefore the site of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre could not have been the scene of this event, for it must always have been within the city walls, besides, it is not upon a hill.

Again, owing to the deep ravines on the other three sides, the north side was the only one available for the purpose, without going a long distance with much fatigue. Anyone casting an eye over the topography of Jerusalem must see that outside it must have been on the north side of the city, and fortunately there is not another hill on the north side to dispute the claim with General Gordon's site. To this then I went first, and sitting down on a pile of stones that someone had piously heaped up, to mark the spot where the three crosses are supposed to have stood, tried to imagine the scene.



Nazareth.



Ruins of Capernaum, on Sea of Galilee.

Before the anguished eyes of the Divine sufferer lay that Jerusalem, proud, and stiff-necked, that He had sought to bless, but which had rejected Him and cast Him out of her walls, condemned to die the shameful death of the cross. To the right rose the hill of the Evil Council, where his destruction had been planned and settled. To the left lay the smiling slopes of Mount Olivet, then covered with villas and gardens like Gethsemane, into whose shade He was wont to retire with His disciples for meditation and prayer. What soft memories the view of its cool and quiet day must have brought to His tortured brain, as His dim and failing eyes rested with some small solace upon it, during those long, and intensely painful hours of crucifixion.

Directly in front of Him through an opening in the mountain could be seen Bethany, where He used to retire. His weary spirit in the society of His beloved friend Lazarus and His sisters, Martha and Mary. Over and beyond could be seen distinctly the mountains of Moab, beyond Jordan, where He had been baptised by John at the beginning of His ministry. Behind Him far away from sight lay Nazareth in Galilee, the Lake of Tiberias and the Mount of Labor, where He had lived and taught the multitudes who heard Him gladly, unlike the haughty Jews of Jerusalem who were putting Him to death because He had rebuked their sins.

What sweet memories must have recurred to His mind at that moment, of those peaceful and happy days when He went throughout all Galilee teaching and healing everywhere doing good, followed by enthusiastic multitudes who believed in Him, and kept His word, and all was joy and gladness till He came to this Jerusalem now lying before Him proud, cold, unconscious, contemptuously indifferent to His sufferings and death.

These recollections were too painful, so with one more last look over the really lovely view, so replete with sad associations, I made my way down the valley of Jehosaphat and climbed Mount Olivet for a final view from that point. From there the finest view of all is to be obtained of Jerusalem, with its walls, mosques, minarets, churches, and all the other buildings enclosed within its walls lying spread out below like a map. I will say nothing about Gethsemane, or the Gethsemanes, for there are two definite and fixed ones, one for the Latins and one for the Greeks, and three or four other places which Protestants think are possible Gethsemanes. The fact is, the area is small in whole or in part, and is so irregularly situated, so that of any place whether Greek or Latin, or the places fixed upon by the Protestants, it may be said it was there or thereabouts.

In those days, Mount Olivet was for the lower part covered with villas and gardens, most of which latter were open to the public.

Entering the city by St. Stephen's Gate, I went on through the Via Dolorosa, with its 14 stations or more, up to and within the Holy Sepulchre, marking places on the way, where according to some musty old legend, something remarkable had happened, though all this part of the city has been wiped out as with a sponge over and over again.

Stopping a short time at the Holy Sepulchre, which, for these reasons I felt no other interest in than that of curiosity in looking upon the crowds thronging the place, falling down and kissing the pavement at intervals, and gazing with stupid wonder and reverence on the museum of holy things shown to them, and after once more looking into the sepulchre wherein He is said to have been laid, I pursued my afternoon pilgrimage.

There are in reality but two or three places of undoubted authenticity, known as holy places, and the most affecting of them all is the Jews' wailing place. Tired of these impositions, and thirsting for one site known to be true, I directed my steps for the last time to the remnant of old wall that once formed a portion of Solomon's temple, that even in Jerome's time was used as a weeping place, and of which he makes an affecting allusion in declaring that the Mourner in his day paid the Roman soldiers for allowing them to go and weep over the ruins of the Holy City; and they were not less sincere than those who weep now over their "Holy and beautiful house" defiled by infidels.

Following for a few minutes a narrow crooked lane, then turning to the right the Jews' wailing place is reached.

There is a low wall on the west side, and on the east the celebrated wall of the temple. It is composed of enormous blocks of stone fifteen feet long, and three to four feet deep, with a rough pannelled surface and a smooth bevelled edge which distinguishes the masonry of the Jews of that period. Five or six courses of this masonry at the bottom is all that remains of the old temple, while that which is above is lighter work, and of a much later period.

A strange congregation gathers here every Friday afternoon, just before the opening of their Sabbath, in considerable numbers, but there are always a few faithful souls to be found there at all hours of the day, weeping and praying; old men, with black turbans or caps, dressed in dingy, greasy gabardines, the Hebrew psalter, or some other sacred book, in hand, the body yawning to and fro, the lips muttering and wailing out lamentations after lamentations. It is a libel to call this scene a show prepared for the benefit of visitors. The tears are too real and copious, the expression of face and feature too real, to be counterfeited, in its sad despair.

There is a very beautiful litany sometimes chanted here, a portion of which is as follows. A reader standing up



Mosque of Omar.

(BUILT ON SITE OF KING SOLOMON'S TEMPLE)



Jews' Wailing Place.
(PORTION OF KING SOLOMON'S TEMPLE.)

and reading, and the people sitting on the ground in attitudes of deep humility, their bodies waving to and fro, as they respond

It begins thus:

READER: "Because of the palace which is deserted,"

PEOPLE: "We sit alone and weep,"

READER: "Because of the temple which is destroyed,

"Because of the walls which are broken down,

"Because of our greatness which is departed,

"Because of the precious stones of the temple ground to powder

"Because of our priests who have erred and gone astray,

"Because of our kings who have contemned God"

PEOPLE: "We sit alone and weep."

Continuing my walk a little further, I found myself in the Street of David, in which is my hotel and my attempt at pilgrimage over.

Next week will be the Easter of the Greeks, in which is performed, for the benefit of the incredulous, the miracle of the Holy Fire coming out of the sepulchre. The Latins have given up this miracle because their people are more intelligent than the Russian peasants, and have come to believe it absurd, but the Greeks will not give it up, because they make money out of it.

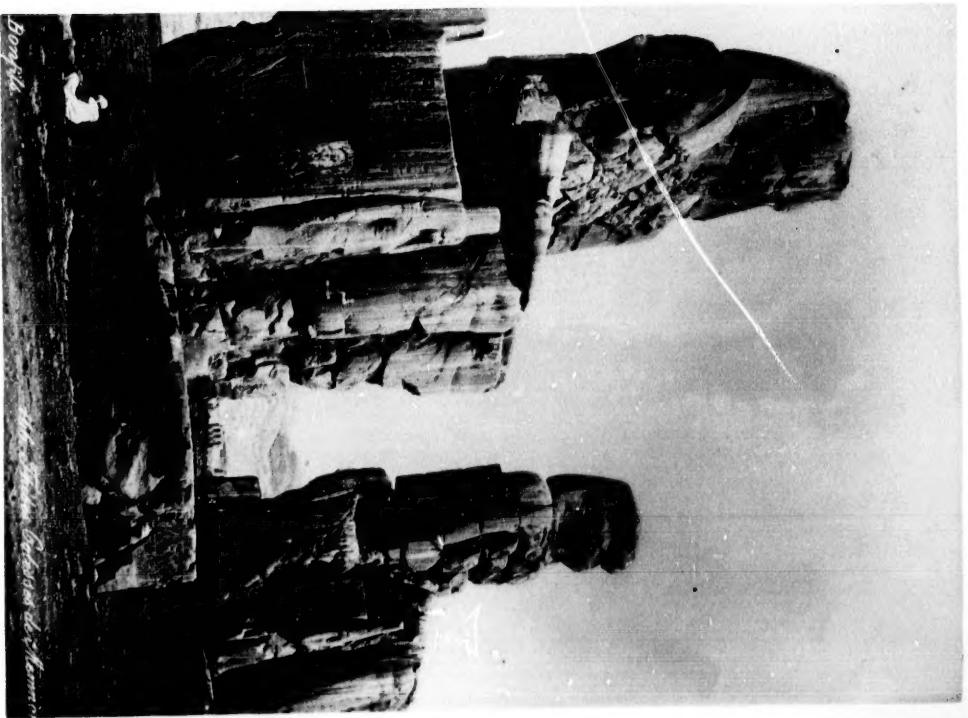
Every Easter morning the Greek patriarch goes into the sepulchre without matches or any means of producing fire, excepting the handkerchief with which our Lord is said to have wiped His face when bearing the cross to the place of crucifixion, and which has ever since retained the impression of His features. Waving this aloft, suddenly the Holy Fire lights up the place, plays about the handkerchief, lights the taper in the patriarch's hand and is seen by the crowd outside through four holes about half-a-foot in diameter each, two on each side, to play like lambent lightnings and dart through the holes, while they fall upon their knees in adoration at having seen a miracle. Then a rush is made by the

crowd, each one having a candle or taper in his hand, to be the first to get from the patriarch the Holy Fire, which they keep alive till their return to Russia, to give to their friends at home. As much as a hundred pounds has been given for the first light of the taper. The whole thing is a disgrace to the Greek Church.

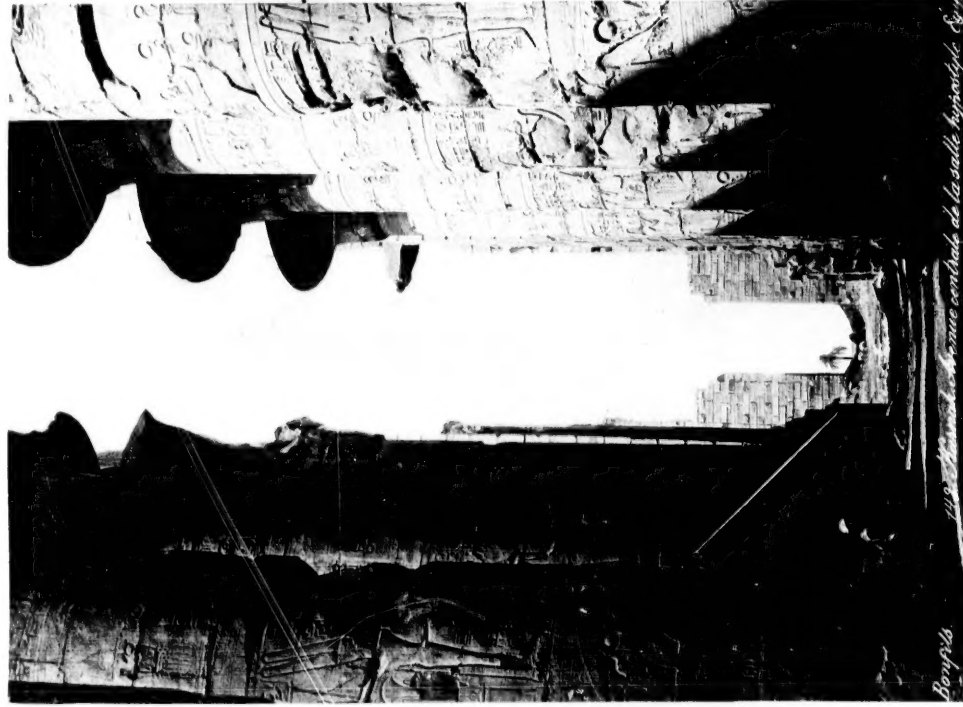
But I must close this letter now, and close my portmanteau as well, for my pilgrimage here is ended till my holidays next winter. I am not sorry to leave this land of superstition, bigotry, and intolerance, from which the spirit of Christ seems utterly to have fled and gone to Christian England and America, where godliness and cleanliness and good understanding go hand in hand.

Farewell Jerusalem! I am not sad in leaving thee, for, God willing, I shall see thee again. Farewell in gladness, for in turning my back on thee, I am turning my face again towards HOME!

FINIS



Colossal Statue of Memnon, Thebes.



Avenue of Columns, Karnak, Egypt.

